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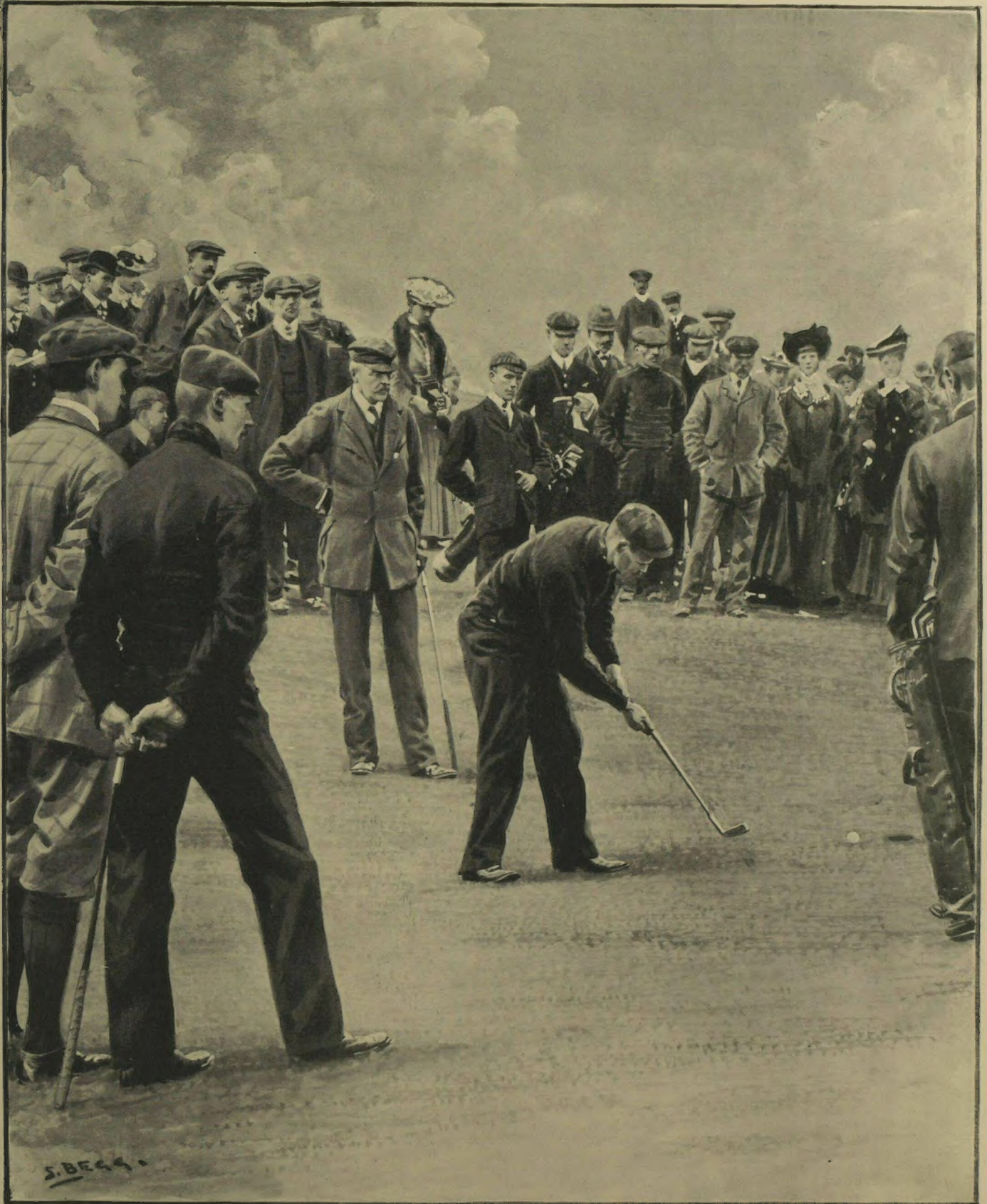
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SIXPENCE.

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Mr. Hambro, M.P. James Buchan. Mr. Balfour. George Buchan.

PREMIER VERSUS PISCATOR: MR. BALFOUR'S GOLF MATCH WITH THE INVERALLOCHY FISHERMEN, APRIL 1—A MOMENTOUS PUTT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

On the Royal St. George's Links at Sandwich, a House of Commons team met a team of fishermen from Inverallochy, in Aberdeenshire, and the Parliamentarians won by eight matches to three. Mr. Balfour and Mr. C. E. Hambro played against James Buchan and George Buchan, to whom they lost their morning match by one down, but beat them in the afternoon by six up and five to play. The fishermen wore their blue guernseys, and looked like their calling.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is never any lack of physicians to point out our social ailments. I find a friend of mine in *Longman's Magazine* deploring our "gentility." We are no more snobbish than other races, he says, or than the lower animals; but we are too genteel to own the facts of life when they happen to be disagreeable or a trifle vulgar. "Let us try to be ourselves," advises the moralist in *Longman's*. "Let us improve our teeth," advises Mrs. John Lane in the *Fortnightly* (meaning British as distinguished from American teeth, which are perfect), and other graces will be vouchsafed unto us. "Let us beware of the cant of efficiency," says Mr. Morley in the *Nineteenth Century*, efficiency being apparently a device of tyranny at the expense of the democracy. I had thought in my innocence that the cant of efficiency was mere talk without action; but it seems to be action that Mr. Morley dreads. The efficient administrator is the "good despot"; and in our enlightened island it is better to be free and ill-governed than to be governed well and reduced to servitude.

A celebrated divine once said he would rather see England free than England sober, and I have been puzzled ever since to know why freedom and sobriety should be, in the nature of things, irreconcilable. England ought to be free. Who's denying of it, Betsy? But that seems an imperfect reason for arguing that if our administrators always knew their business they would be despots, and we should be wretched slaves in shackles. Dost really believe, my brother, that if England could produce a statesman capable of making the British Army efficient in proportion to its cost, you and I would be trodden under the despot's jackboots? Mr. Morley has written wisely and shrewdly about democracy, its illusions, its defects, and the very considerable disappointment it has caused to sanguine philosophers. He does not flatter it in the slightest degree; indeed, his alarm about efficiency suggests a painfully low estimate of its intelligence; for if his "good despot" theory means what it appears to mean, our liberties would not be worth a pin's fee the moment Mr. Tite Barnacle, and the clerks of the Sealing Wax Department, became entirely competent for their duties, and economists of the public time. We should be so enthralled by the unsuspected gifts and virtues of these gentlemen that we should fall upon our knees before them, and cry: "Illustrious Sirs, pray set your feet upon our necks. Do with us what you will. Let the freedom of England be extinguished, now that you, most noble despots, have shown your capacity to administer the national Sealing Wax with genius and thrift!"

Perhaps Mr. Morley means something quite different; but to denounce efficiency does suggest a fear that if the public service ceased to be a happy-go-lucky scattering of the public funds, and became a really well-ordered system, with no round peg jammed in a square hole, Freedom would shriek as she did when Kosciuszko fell. Must a democracy always "muddle through," or cease to be a democracy? It is a pretty theory of government that your War Office must never be up to its work lest it should stimulate inordinate military ambition. Mr. Birrell, who used to be a humorist, is reported to have said the other day that some wicked persons were striving to keep up "a warlike spirit" in this country. He did not explain how you are to maintain your Army and Navy without a warlike spirit. Perhaps if both services could be made wholly inefficient we should all settle down with a sense of exquisite and enduring peace. But the Navy is really a formidable thing; and there is a general belief that Admiral Sir John Fisher, our First Old Salt, has the most resolute and capable head-piece that the Admiralty has seen in our time. Is Mr. Birrell uneasy? Does Mr. Morley ever wake from a well-earned nap on the Front Opposition Bench, and fancy that he sees Sir John scowling at the bar, and hears a briny voice exclaim, "Belay there! Take away that Bauble!"?

A correspondent writes to me concerning a remark in this page that "it is the business of the Opposition to nag the Government, and it is the business of the Government to scrag the Opposition." "Surely you are mistaken," he says. "A Government may scrag, but an Opposition never nags. It is the constitutional function of that body, as I learn from the *Spectator*, to collaborate with the Government. That is why it is called 'His Majesty's Opposition.'" Well, I notice that the *Spectator* gave this original piece of information chiefly for the benefit of a member of the House of Commons who had averred that Oppositions, in his experience, were not in the habit of "collaborating" with Ministers. This gentleman rejoined that the *Spectator's* charming theory of constitutional functions did not square with the facts. Certainly the suggestion that such a phrase as "His Majesty's Opposition" has something technical to do with the Constitution, betrays a power of make-believe unsurpassed

by Hans Christian Andersen. The unwitting foreigner who set about studying the Constitution with the help of the *Spectator* would imagine that, as His Majesty's Government consists of men appointed to advise the King, the Opposition is equally an advisory body for the same purpose, collaborating with the other. And then, with this great idea, the stranger would repair to the House of Commons, and see the Front Opposition Benchers dissembling their love for the Treasury Benchers. A most spirited sight; but a little out of harmony with the fairy tales of the *Spectator*!

"Woman by nature is unfair," said Mrs. Craigie in the debate at the Hardwicke Society, when it was proposed that women should sit on juries. The House of Commons has just declared by an overwhelming majority that women are eligible to serve on educational councils. They may even be aldermen. But, says Mrs. Craigie, they could not dispense justice as jurors. They would be sympathetic when it is not sympathy that is needed, but a strict regard for evidence. Sympathy with one litigant, you must bear in mind, would mean prejudice against the other. Well, but a sympathetic alderman of the dear, unbalanced sex would surely be even more dangerous than a juror. With women, by nature unfair, sitting as aldermen, and making us believe, making the House of Commons believe, making even the *Times* believe, that they transacted their business to perfection, should we not run a grave risk of abasing ourselves before Mr. Morley's "good despots"? Has he ever thought of woman leading democracy egregiously by the nose? I am not sure that Mrs. Craigie does not see a little deeper into this affair than most of us. "Where would man go for sympathy," she asks, "if women were impartial?" Suppose they become aldermen? Suppose that, in the fullness of time, they become M.P.'s, and exercise those constitutional functions so dear to the *Spectator*, with the impartiality that distinguishes His Majesty's Opposition; where shall we go for sympathy then?

Meanwhile, it is a comfort to find one charming lady writing in a manner more feminine than judicial. Miss Gertrude Kingston, in the *Nineteenth Century*, handles dramatic authors and the playgoing public, especially the public, with considerable rigour. She recalls a feeling moment in one of her own impersonations, a moment that was spoilt by a giggling lady in the pit, who exclaimed, "Oh, I sye!" It seems that, ever after, Miss Kingston, in this part, was nervous when she approached the scene. She feared that the same woman, or another with an equal lack of judgment, would repeat that unfortunate observation. No man in the pit, you understand, ever cries "Oh, I sye!" It was the indiscretion of her own sex that preyed on Miss Kingston's nerves. And yet what was it after all but an untutored expression of admiring wonder? Amongst all sorts and conditions of playgoers there must always be some who, when they are taken aback by something entirely out of their experience (I remember the scene very well, and how forcible the actress was in it), must relieve their overcharged emotion with "Oh, I sye!" It indicates a certain want of proportion to take the poor public, and give it a good shaking, because there is sometimes a crude lady in the pit. But I am glad Miss Kingston has spoken her mind. May she never join a board of aldermen and learn to speak with logical circumspection!

Miss Kingston chafes, like my friend in *Longman's*, against our gentility. She has a low opinion of us when she peeps at the house through a hole in the curtain. In the act which is just over there has been a disclosure of somebody's private affairs, and we are all wearing the air of rather scandalised eavesdroppers. I don't exactly know how Miss Kingston would have us look, and I don't think she makes sufficient allowance for our delicate position. What is playgoing but an intrusion into domestic privacy? When Hamlet uses that very plain language to his mother, are we any better than Polonius who listens behind the arras? And when Mr. H. B. Irving, at the Adelphi, runs that unfortunate old gentleman through the midriff, and cries, "Dead for a ducat!" does not the sensitive playgoer feel that he deserves the same fate? How, then, ought we to look when a critical eye examines us through the hole in the curtain? It may be gentility that gives us such a stolid expression; but that is to hide our emotions; and, with all deference to Miss Kingston, I submit that we are not called upon to wear our hearts on our sleeves for her inspection, although she may have caused some of them to beat a little faster.

None the less I applaud her spirit. It is well that the artist should turn and rend us now and then; it stirs us out of our self-complacency. Mr. E. F. Benson, the novelist, I observe with regret, has none of Miss Kingston's pluck. He likens himself to a performing dog, and does not even attempt to take a piece out of any critic's leg. This is an attitude to which no artist should condescend.

PARLIAMENT.

The Opposition has continued to multiply resolutions on the fiscal question. Mr. Osmond Williams moved that any interference with the present system would be detrimental to our shipping; and after a debate carried on chiefly by Liberals, the motion was carried *nemine contradicente* in the Prime Minister's absence. Sir Joseph Leese resumed the entertainment with another counterblast against the taxation of food, and this was also adopted. Much invective was lavished on Mr. Balfour, who was charged with deliberately affronting the House of Commons.

In the Lords a Bill was introduced to enable the Militia to serve abroad, and the whole subject of the Army was discussed in detail in the Commons. Mr. Arnold-Forster defended his scheme. The Estimates were as low as it was possible to make them, but they would be considerably higher if he accepted all the suggestions of his critics. He denied that he proposed any injury to the Volunteers. Their numbers should be reduced for the sake of efficiency.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman condemned the long service for India on the ground that it was "cruel" to send men to India for nine years. Sir Charles Dilke maintained that India was in no danger of invasion, and that "no sane Government" in Russia would dream of attacking Afghanistan—an opinion that gave rise to considerable difference of opinion.

Mr. Balfour intimated that, as President of the Committee of National Defence, he would make a statement on the whole matter. The Budget was fixed for April 10.

MUSIC.

Perhaps the most notable incident of last week's music was the second performance in London of the "Symphonia Domestica." Dr. Richard Strauss, who conducted his own work before a large and sympathetic audience, justified all who had seen, through the vagaries and eccentricities of the symphony's development, a more than common measure of beautiful thought and accomplishment. Mr. Henry Wood's rendering had been painstaking and conscientious enough; but one realises now that it was laboured. He gave us much of the beauty, reaching it by way of strenuous endeavour that accentuated the difficulties, Dr. Strauss revealed the full beauty and hid the means of its presentation. The poetic side of the symphony was heard for the first time on Saturday, when even the double fugue of the finale acquired a quality of joyfulness, and the adagio was more delightful than it had seemed before. At the same time the extravagances of the composition were clearly noticeable. One could not help the reflection that the four saxophones—specially manufactured for the concert—need not have been manufactured at all, that the tuning down of violins into the regions belonging to the viola was quite gratuitous, and that the little persistent figure for the trumpet might well have expressed Puck's aside: "What fools these mortals be!" But the "Symphonia Domestica" has come to stay in the repertoire of our first-class orchestra, and we are grateful to Dr. Strauss, even though he may be laughing in his sleeve.

The Queen's Hall concert was further noticeable for the performance of Claude Debussy's fascinating attempt to express such music as the "summer-sleepy dryads weave," and for Mr. Albert Fransella's delightful playing in Bach's suite in B minor for Strings and Flute.

The Royal Choral Society has given a remarkable performance of "Acis and Galatea" and the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" at the Albert Hall. Where chorus and soloists are alike beyond reproach, it is not easy to single out any accomplishment for special praise, but it is permissible to congratulate Madame Sobrino upon her singing of the Galatea music. Vocally and intellectually her work was of the quality that realised Handel's fine music to the fullest, and brought even to the prosaic Albert Hall some suggestion of the beauty of the old legend. One felt beyond the serenata the atmosphere of the Sicily that Theocritus knew and loved. Madame Sobrino's Galatea belonged equally to Handel and Theocritus—we can yield no higher praise to it within the limits of space at our disposal. She was admirably supported by Mr. William Green and Mr. Harry Dearth.

At the Bechstein Hall, where music that may not be disregarded is the order of the day, Herr Leon Sametini has created a very favourable impression. His playing lacks the tone quality we are accustomed to associate with the great masters of the violin, but his appreciation of the emotional and artistic side of his work compels enthusiasm and demands praise. He will become more sober in his musical judgment as time goes on, but one would not gladly forego the period of his intense and untrammelled joy in accomplishment and expression. Even though he may not be destined to find a place among the immortals, he should secure a position among players of the first class.

At the Æolian Hall Mr. Ashton Ellis has been delivering a useful series of lectures upon the Wagner Ring Operas. While he has little to say that has not been said before, he says it all happily enough, and the music is illustrated by Mr. Lemare, whose handling of the organ is a revelation. There is no doubt that such playing must flutter the doves of the College of Organists, for he puts the instrument to uses that it never knew before, but the end justifies the means. Messrs. Ellis and Lemare promise two lectures on "Parsifal," fully illustrated. They should be well worth an attentive hearing.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE NEW HAMLET AT THE ADELPHI.

An emotional, a hysterical, a neurotic Hamlet—such was the Hamlet presented last Tuesday night at the Adelphi Theatre by Mr. H. B. Irving. The new impersonation has other characteristics, of course—intellect, princely dignity, sensitive eloquence, and a rather grim humour; but it is the emotional side of the Dane on which his latest representative most insists. The prevailing note of Mr. Irving's reading is struck as early as the interjected words, "Oh my prophetic soul! my uncle," which are delivered in startled tones of hysterical surprise; and even in the soliloquies we are shown Hamlet feeling, not thinking aloud. The "To be or not to be" speech, which almost every Hamlet has made a mere intellectual exercise, a play with the possibilities of thought, Mr. Irving's Prince drags out of himself as if feverishly felt from line to line; and nearly the only occasion on which he is calmly reflective is his scene in the graveyard. Here is, then, no gentle-persuasive genial Hamlet as is Mr. Forbes Robertson's. This Hamlet snaps his fingers at Guildenstern and Rosenkrantz, is at one moment well-nigh ferocious with Ophelia, and never smiles save in Horatio's company. Nor is he contemplative save by way of "unpacking his heart with words." Apparently Hamlet is, for Mr. Irving, a degenerate of however noble a type who squanders his energies in histrionic emotion; and it is possible to see a final suggestion of neurotic ineffectiveness in the actor's most noteworthy piece of business when he makes the dying Prince strive vainly to set the crown on his head. The other outstanding features of the Adelphi revival are the singular simplicity and girlish charm of Miss Lily Brayton's Ophelia, worthy in the mad scenes to rank with Mrs. Tree's Haymarket rendering; the splendid and already familiar animalism of Mr. Oscar Asche's more than amorous King; the quaint senility of Mr. Lyall Swete's Polonius; the sonorous diction of Mr. Brydone's Ghost; and the youthful earnestness of Mr. Hampden's not over-robust Laertes. The text employed calls for no special comment, and the setting and dressing of the play are at once not too pretentious and yet beautifully sufficient.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

There is no difficulty in understanding why Orczy-Barstow's melodrama, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," has won popular success, as evidenced by its reaching last Monday its hundredth performance. Its situations may be stale and not even worked to the best sensational account; its pictures, whether of France under the Terror or of the English Court under the future Regent, may be far from reliable; but it is certainly possessed of a really ingenious idea—that imagining a secret society of English gallants which rescues French aristocrats from the guillotine. And the piece enables Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, in the rôles of an estranged young couple subjected to various perils and finally most lovingly reconciled—the man a peer who hides under a mask of insouciance dare-devil courage, the woman a beauty who is faced with a horrible dilemma—to make a triple appeal to New Theatre audiences—pictorial, romantic, sentimental.

"Sunday" began what should prove a most successful tour at the Brixton Theatre this week. Miss Jean Sterling MacKinnlay in the title-rôle, originally played by Miss Julia Neilson, made an excellent impression, and was "called" again and again. Mr. J. Edward Pearce was hardly less good in Mr. Fred Terry's part as Colonel Brinthrow. The company is under the direction of Mr. Louis Calvert.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.
BY R.N.

Once more after a big battle we have, as has been the case on almost every previous similar occasion, a period of comparative quiet. It is true that after Mukden the Japanese pushed their success to greater advantage and with most satisfactory results. It may be that even now they are still moving northward; but the enveloping advance must be far afield, since we no longer hear of important collisions with the enemy. A skirmish here and there appears to indicate that the Russians have ceased to retreat, and, as was said in this column towards the end of last month, are concentrating with a view to making a stand on the Sungari, or possibly in hopes of covering Kirin. What is quite evident is that the Japanese do not intend to permit the prospects of peace to interfere in any way with their energetic prosecution of the campaign.

In the meantime the interest, as was anticipated in this column, has been transferred to the various divisions of the force which is to restore to Russia her prestige and supremacy in the Pacific. The third reinforcing squadron arrived at Jibuti on Monday. Admiral Nebogoff seems to have been in trouble with some of his German colliers, since we are told that these refused to remain and coal his ships, but left for Batavia instead. The story must be accepted with a grain of salt. Diego Garcia lies in the line of route from the Gulf of Aden to Batavia, and it is as likely as not that the German colliers are on their way to meet Rozhdestvensky. The condition of Rozhdestvensky's vessels, according to information which has reached Paris, must be far from satisfactory to the Admiral. It is said that the bottoms of the vessels have become so foul from barnacles and seaweed that their speed has diminished by nearly two knots. This condition of things, it has been assumed, has influenced the Admiral in moving out from Madagascaran waters, his hope being to get into cooler water and thus clean the bottoms of his ships. It is at least as likely that he has found it necessary to make a move eastwards, particularly as his men do not appear to have behaved remarkably well while in the

vicinity of the delights and temptations of Nossi Be. In St. Petersburg, as in Paris, it appears to be believed that, the decision having been arrived at that the war must go on, the hopes of Russia now rest almost exclusively upon Rozhdestvensky. An early Russian victory at sea, telegraphs one correspondent, will surely imperil the good fortune of the Japanese. Unquestionably it would, but any such hope must be wholly illusory. In the first place, the Russian Admiral cannot hope to make any decided move until he is joined by all his reinforcements, and it must be days yet before Nebogoff can report to the flag. Then again, there are many miles to cover between Diego Garcia and any point at which it is likely the Japanese would give battle in force. It may, indeed, be that the Russian Admiral will find himself raided and harried before the fleet action takes place, but such a fleet action must be fought, if anything is to be decided, in the waters of the Sea of Japan.

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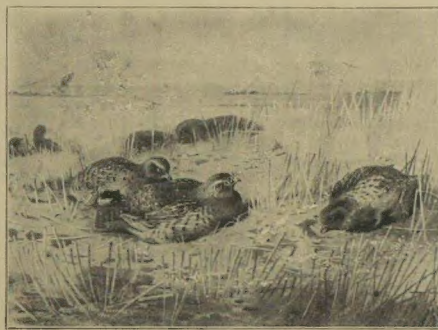
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THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 2 o'clock, 8 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All Seats in all Parts are Numbered and Reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes show, accompany all postal applications for seats. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London." Telephone Nos. 1, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S HOLIDAY. The programme published during the week of the King's tour announced that his Majesty would leave London on April 6, and would cross to Calais by the turbine-steamer *Queen*, thence proceeding direct to Marseilles to join the *Queen* for a Mediterranean cruise. The steamer on which his Majesty crossed the Channel is famous for her speed, and is the most popular of the turbines running between Dover and Calais. The route of the Mediterranean cruise has not been made public, but there is some likelihood that their Majesties will visit Malta. Neither the King nor the Queen will go to Copenhagen at present, and this is the first time for many years that her Majesty has been absent from the celebrations of her father's birthday. A strict incognito will be maintained throughout the Mediterranean voyage.

A SERBIAN MYSTERY. According to a curious story, it is reported from Belgrade that the Crown Prince the other day shot a young Macedonian. One version says that the Prince and his tutor, Professor Petrovitch, had been driving along the banks of the Save, and, rowing themselves across to Gipsy Island, landed there, whereupon the unfortunate accident occurred. It is said that the Prince used his rifle in self-defence, and that the Macedonian lost an eye. Another account says he was a beater who offended the Prince, who, in a fit of passion, drew a revolver and shot him through the head.

OUR LORD NORTON, who died on March 28 in the ninety-first year of his age, suffered that form of political extinction which falls to the lot of so many veteran statesmen who are persuaded to hide names they have made widely known under the dignities of titles, and to the present generation at least his "Lord Norton" bears little meaning. Charles Bowyer Adderley, however, was no small figure in his time, and after he first entered Parliament in 1841 as the Conservative Member for North Staffordshire, he was continually before the public. The chief interest of his earlier political life centred in the problem as to the best way of reforming juvenile criminals, if criminals they may be called; and he was instrumental in getting an Act passed enabling Courts to pass direct sentence of detention in a reformatory on offenders of the law under sixteen. Later, he became President of the Board of Health, a Privy Councillor, Vice-President of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and President of the Board of Trade. The Order of St. Michael and St. George was conferred on him chiefly in recognition of his services in passing the Canadian Dominion Bill through the Commons; he it was also who drafted the methods of self-government for the Australian Colonies.

By the death of the venerable Dowager Duchess of Abercorn on March 31, the Peerage lost one of its most remarkable figures, a lady the number of whose descendants was extraordinary—in point of fact, two hundred and forty-five in the direct line, of whom about a hundred and sixty are living. Before her marriage to the second Marquess, afterwards the first Duke, of Abercorn, the Dowager Duchess was the Lady Louisa Jane Russell, second daughter of Georgiana Duchess of Bedford. Among her living descendants are five of her sons, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Frederic Hamilton, and Lord Ernest Hamilton; and five of her daughters, the Dowager Countess of Lichfield, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess of Winterton, the Marchioness of Blandford, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne; the Duke of Marlborough; the heirs to the Dukedoms of Leeds and Buccleuch; the ultimate heir to the Dukedom of Devonshire; the heirs to the Marquessates of Lansdowne and Waterford; the Earls of Lichfield and Durham; and the heirs to the Lordships of Pembroke and Montgomery, Mount Edgumbe, Winterton, and Wicklow. Among her grandsons are the Hon. F. W. Lambton, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, and the Marquess of Hamilton. The Dowager-Duchess's position in society was unique, for she was one of Queen Victoria's greatest favourites.

Carola, Queen Dowager of Saxony, who is at present staying in this country, was the wife of King Albert. She was a Princess of Holstein-Gottorp, and was born at Schönbrunn. Among her Majesty's honorary titles is that of Chief of the 2nd Regiment of Hussars, known as the Queen Regiment. Queen Carola has during the past week been paying an extensive round of visits.



Photo, Chusseau Flavien.

THE CHIEF ACTOR IN THE MYSTERIOUS SERBIAN INCIDENT: THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA AT HIS STUDIES.

After twelve years' service as President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Clements Markham

president is seventy-five years of age, and has devoted his life to the cause of geographical research. In early life he served in the Navy, and took part in the Arctic Expedition of 1850-51. The quest of the Poles has always had his active support. His writings on geographical subjects are voluminous.

Sir George Dashwood Taubman Goldie, who has been nominated as president in succession to Sir Clements, has travelled in the Egyptian Sudan, Morocco, Algeria, the Niger regions, and other parts of Africa, and attended the Berlin Conference of 1884-1885 as an expert on Niger questions. He is a Manxman, and was born in 1846, the son of Colonel Goldie-Taubman, of the Scots Guards, Speaker of the House of Keys. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

The Hon. Sir David Tennant, who died on March 29 at the age of seventy-six, figured prominently in South African politics, acting as a member of the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony for thirty years, and as Speaker to that body for twenty-two years, and representing the Colony as Agent-General in this country from 1896 until 1902. He was also, for a time, chairman of the Council of the South African College, and a member of the University Council.

Mr. William Hill Collingridge, who died on March 31 at the age of seventy-nine, was the son of Thomas Collingridge, printer, of Olney, Bucks, and, coming to London as a young man, practised his father's trade under Dr. D. A. Doudney, then a printer in Long Lane, and for over half a century editor of the *Gospel Magazine*. Later, he purchased the Doctor's business, and in 1870 his brother, the late Mr. Leonard Collingridge, and himself founded the well-known firm of W. H. and L. Collingridge. Thirteen years before this, Mr. Collingridge had started the *City Press*, and for forty-five years he devoted himself almost entirely to it.

The retiring director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, has held the position he is shortly to vacate since 1889. Mr. Waugh, who was born at Settle in 1839, was educated privately and at Airedale College, Bradford, Yorks, and from 1853 until 1862 was engaged in business. In the latter year he began to study for the ministry, and three years later he took up the duties of a Congregational minister. He promoted the N.S.P.C.C. in 1884.

THE BRITISH AND FRENCH FLEETS.

It has been decided that the Channel Fleet shall visit Cherbourg this summer, and that the French Fleet shall subsequently visit Spithead. M. Loubet will probably review the united squadrons in the French port, and the King will review them in our own waters. These demonstrations have already excited the liveliest interest in both countries. They follow naturally from the King's visit to Paris, M. Loubet's visit to London, and the signature of the Anglo-French Convention. They intimate to all whom it may concern that the Entente Cordiale is a real and durable bond. It is said that the Kaiser has been anxious to put it to the test, and no doubt he is gratified by the result.

THE SPEAKER'S CASTING VOTE.

On the evening of April 3 Parliament witnessed an unusual and interesting procedure, the exercise by the Speaker of his casting vote. The question before the House was an instruction to the Select Committee to omit from the London Tramways Bill the scheme for the construction of tram-lines across Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges and down Victoria Embankment. On the division the "ayes" and the "noes" tied, and the Speaker gave his casting vote for the "noes," to enable the matter to be dealt with more decisively at some future time. The most memorable and dramatic exercise of this decisive (though often indecisive) privilege was in 1805, during the impeachment of Pitt's friend and colleague, Lord Melville. The voting numbers were equal, and the thankless task of condemnation fell to Mr. Speaker Abbot. The Speaker's distress was terrible, and for ten minutes the House waited in tense silence for his deliverance. Then he condemned Melville. "Pitt" says Mr. Mark Boyd, "was overcome: his friend was ruined. At the sound of the Speaker's voice the Prime Minister crushed his hat over his brows to hide the tears that poured over his cheeks: he pushed in haste out of the House. Some of his opponents, I am ashamed to say, thrust themselves near 'to see how Billy looked.' His friends gathered in defence around, and screened him from rude glances." For Pitt this was the beginning of the end, and the incident certainly hastened his death.



Photo, Novaez.

THE KAISER IN PORTUGAL: WILLIAM II. WITH THE PORTUGUESE ROYAL FAMILY AND COURT AT CINTRA.

Dom Carlos allows none of his guests to leave Portugal without visiting his delightful residence at Cintra, one of the gardens of Europe. There on March 20 the German Emperor was entertained at luncheon by his host and hostess. There was a large Court party.

of office very laborious in consequence of the work entailed by the Antarctic Expedition. The retiring



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. B. WAUGH, RETIRING SECRETARY OF THE N.S.P.C.C.



Photo, Russell.

THE LATE MR. W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, FOUNDER OF THE "CITY PRESS."



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

SIR G. D. TAUBMAN GOLDIE, NOMINATED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

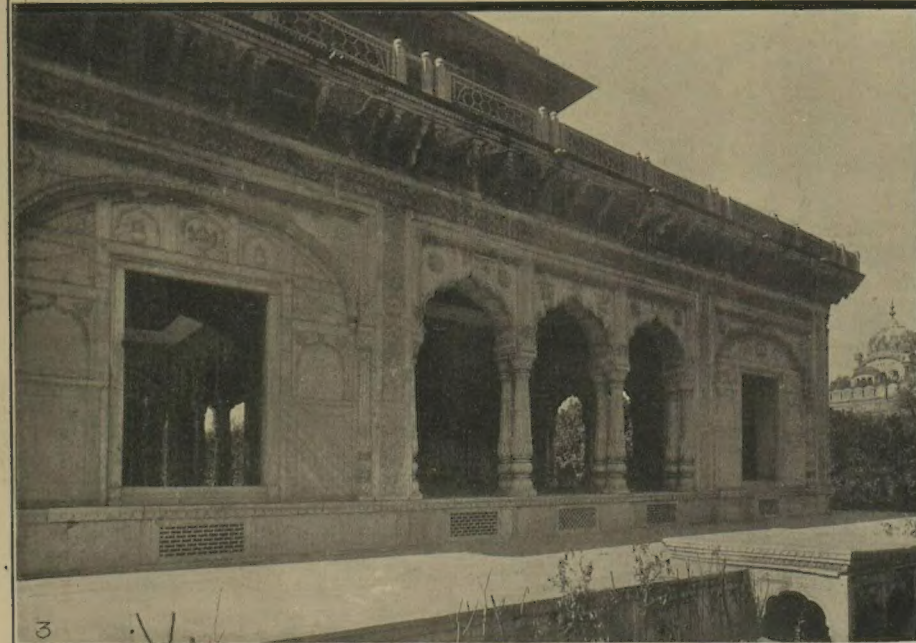
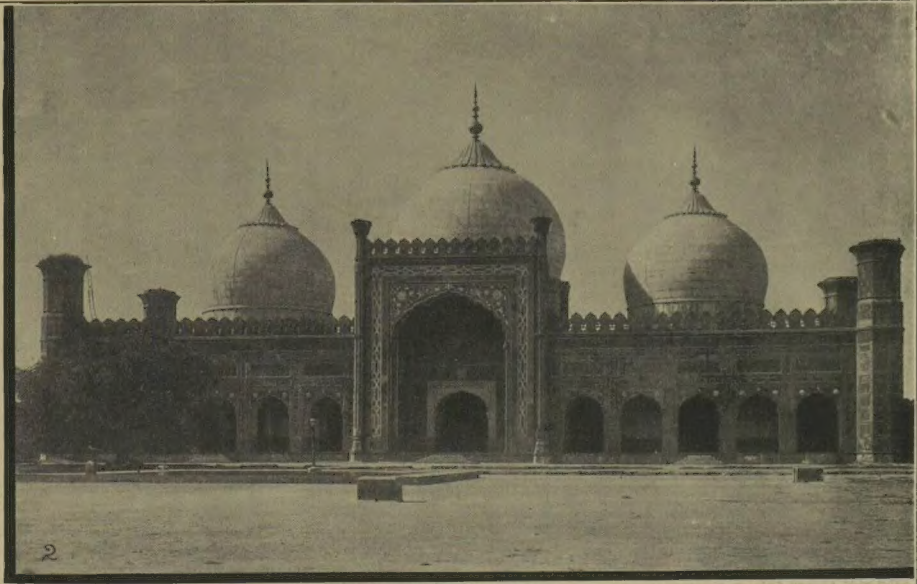
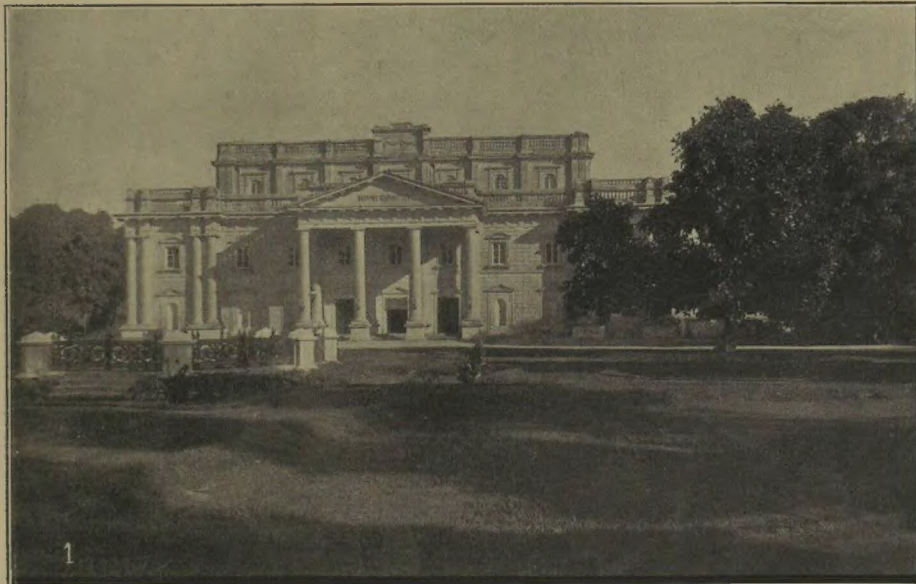


Photo, Elliott and Fry.

SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, RETIRED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN LAHORE: FAMOUS BUILDINGS DAMAGED IN THE PUNJAB CAPITAL, APRIL 4.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSTON AND HOFFMANN.



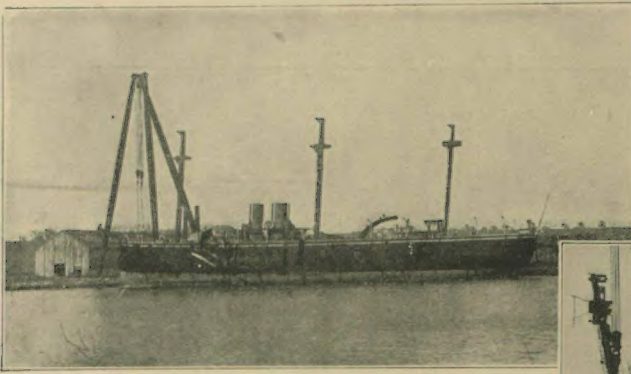
1. THE CENTRE OF FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENT: MONTGOMERY HALL, NOW CRACKED AND FISSURED.

3. THE PAVILION IN THE SHAH ALUM'S GARDENS: DETAIL OF FAÇADE.

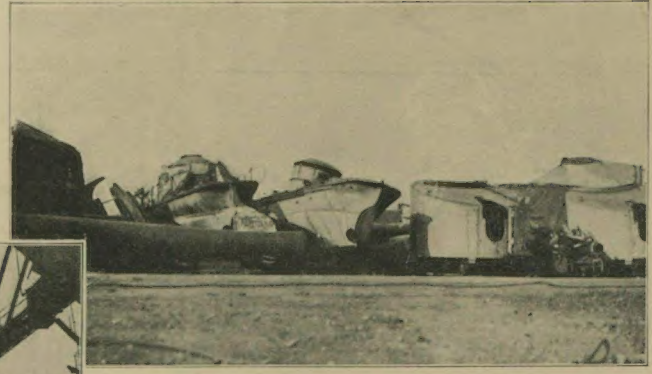
2. ARUNGZEBE'S GREAT MOSQUE, THE JUMMA MUSJID, SERIOUSLY DAMAGED.

4. IN THE SHAH ALUM'S GARDENS.

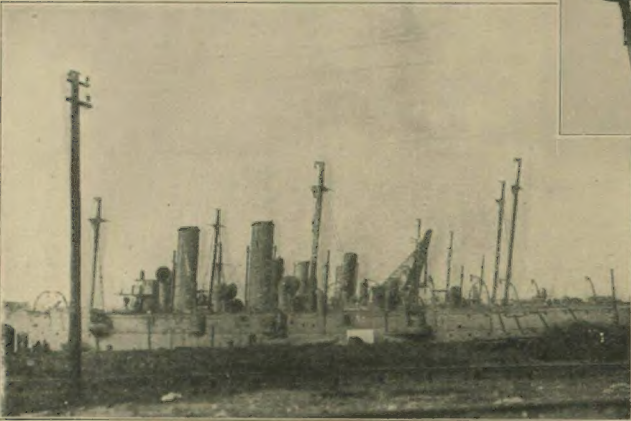
The earthquake was of unprecedented violence. Besides the buildings indicated, the Town Hall, the Railway Station, and a large portion of the native quarter have been injured or totally wrecked. It is feared that there has been great loss of life. Lahore reached its greatest magnificence under the Mogul Emperors, and owed its finest ornaments to Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jehan, and Arungzebe. At Professor Milne's earthquake observatory in the Isle of Wight the shock was duly noted before 1 a.m. on April 4, or 5.30 a.m. Indian time. The locale of the disturbance was believed to be to the south-west of Kashmir.



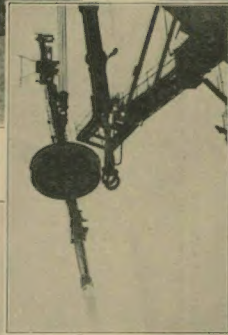
ONE OF THE DERELICTS: H.M.S. "NORTHAMPTON."



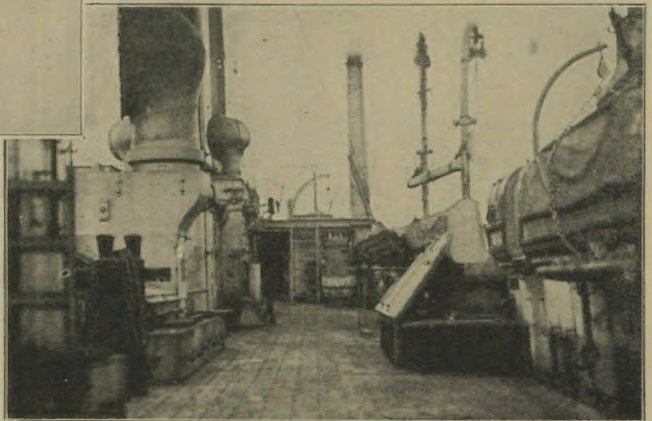
LOT 1: TORPEDO-BOATS, GUNS AND BARBETTES OF H.M.S. "GALATEA."



A NAVY FOR SALE: H.M.S. "ARETHUSA" IN THE FOREGROUND.



REMOVING THE MAST WITH FIGHTING TOP FROM H.M.S. "GALATEA."



THE OBSOLETE HIGH BULWARKS OF THE OLD SHIPS.

A £138,000 SALE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW NAVY: OBSOLETE WAR-SHIPS AND THEIR FITTINGS UNDER THE HAMMER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE AND HYDE.

The discarded vessels which Sir John Fisher's new naval programme has doomed to the scrap-heap came under the hammer at Chatham on April 4. Like the odds and ends of any ordinary auction, these former defenders of our shore have been ignominiously dismantled and marked out in lots. One of the most curious of these was Lot 1, which contained several forlorn torpedo-boats and the big guns and barbettes of H.M.S. "Galatea." We give above the sum realized by the sale.



A TRAIN REDUCED TO A SKELETON BY FIRE: THE DISASTROUS ACCIDENT BETWEEN LIGNY AND SCEAUX.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANGER.

On March 30, while a passenger-train for Sceaux was running between Ligny and that town, it left the rails at a point near Arcueil. Several carriages caught fire and were reduced to their metal frames. Two engine-drivers and a passenger were killed, and six persons were injured.

THE HORNETS OF THE RUSSIAN RETREAT: THE JAPANESE CAVALRY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



AN IMPROVING ARM OF THE JAPANESE SERVICE: TYPICAL TROOPERS.

The Japanese cavalry have played hitherto a rather inconspicuous part in the campaign, and the horse-soldier is not the strongest unit of the Mikado's army. The cavalry, however, were useful during the pursuit of the Russians from Mukden, and there is no doubt that their efficiency will one day be on a level with that of the other arms of the service. Theoretically, they should all be armed with the Miji carbine, but those here shown bear the Murata, a compound of the Mauser and the Lebel. Each trooper carries in a rope netting a ball of compressed fodder.



Photo. Novack.

THE KAISER AT LISBON: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AND KING CARLOS
JUST AFTER THE LANDING.

The German Emperor arrived on the Tagus on the afternoon of March 22, and was welcomed on board the "Hamburg" by King Carlos, who escorted his guest to shore. The Kaiser wore the uniform of a Colonel of the 4th Portuguese Cavalry. Dom Carlos was in the uniform of a Colonel of German Infantry, and wore the decoration of the Black Eagle. During his stay in Portugal the Emperor resided at the Palace of Belem, a suburb of Lisbon, some two miles down the Tagus from the capital.



Photo. Ellis.

THE FIRST TRANSPORTER-BRIDGE IN BRITAIN, CONNECTING WIDNES
AND RUNCORN.

The bridge, connecting Lancashire with Cheshire, saves a detour of about thirteen miles round by Warrington. A lattice-work bridge is hung between two high towers, and along this runs the transporter—a car for the conveyance of vehicles and foot-passengers. The car receives its complement at the level of the ordinary roadway, and is then raised to the rails on the bridge, 82 ft. above the estuary of the Mersey. The great height is to allow the passage of ships on the Manchester Ship Canal, crossed by the bridge at the Chester end.



THE REXER AUTOMATIC MACHINE-GUN IN ACTION.



TWENTY THOUSAND ROUNDS ON HORSEBACK: RESERVE MAGAZINES FOR THE GUN.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN MAXIM: THE REXER AUTOMATIC MACHINE-GUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.

The Rexer gun, a Danish weapon which King Edward examined when he was last at Copenhagen, fires three hundred shots a minute, and twenty-five successive shots with one pull of the trigger. The magazine-clips are in quadrant form, each containing twenty-five cartridges. One man could carry 1250 rounds. The gun weighs 17½ lb., and is fitted with a rest. It requires no water-jacket, the barrel being encircled by a steel cover cut into a lacework of holes for radiation of heat. The slaves of the support fold into this cover. The trials were held on April 3 at Perivale.



Photo. Mills.

A BREEZY STATUE FOR HONG-KONG: THE PRINCE
OF WALES IN NAVAL UNIFORM.

Mr. George Wade, who has executed so many portrait-statues of royal personages, has completed this effigy of the Prince of Wales for Hong-Kong.



Photo. Montgiff.

THE QUEEN'S TOUR: HER MAJESTY AND PRINCESS VICTORIA AT GIBRALTAR.

The photograph was taken on March 28, when the Queen was returning from North Front during a salute from the gun galleries. The most interesting incident of her Majesty's tour of the Rock, which she made on donkey-back, was her conversation in Arabic with her donkey-boy. The Queen asked him how he came by a scar on his forehead. The youth afterwards remarked that he was proud England had a Queen who knew Arabic.

THE DUEL ON THE TRAIL.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



Illustrated by G. E. LODGE.

WHITE and soft over the wide, sloping upland lay the snow, marked across with the zig-zag, grey lines of the fences, and spotted here and there with little clumps of woods or patches of bushy pasture. The sky above was as white as the earth below, being mantled with snow-laden cloud not yet ready to spill its feathery burden on the world. One little farmhouse, far down the valley, served but to emphasise the spacious emptiness of the silent winter landscape.

Out from one of the snow-streaked thickets jumped a white rabbit, its long ears waving nervously, and paused for a second to look back with a frightened air. It had realised that some enemy was on its trail, but what that enemy was it did not know. After this moment of perilous hesitation, it went leaping forward across the open, leaving a vivid track in the soft surface snow. The little animal's discreet alarm, however, was dangerously corrupted by its curiosity; and at the lower edge of the field, before going through a snake fence and entering another thicket, it stopped, stood up as erect as possible on its strong hind-quarters, and again looked back. As it did so the unknown enemy revealed himself, just emerging, a slender and sinister black shape, from the upper thicket. A quiver of fear passed over the rabbit's nerves. Its curiosity all effaced, it went through the fence with an elongated leap and plunged into the bushes in a panic. Here it doubled upon itself twice in a short circle, trusting by this well-worn device to confuse the unswerving pursuer. Then, breaking out upon the lower side of the thicket, it resumed its headlong flight across the fields.

Meanwhile the enemy, a large mink, was following the trail with the dogged persistence of a sleuth-hound. Sure of his methods, he did not pause to see what the quarry was doing, but kept his eyes and nose occupied with the fresh tracks. His speed was not less than that of the rabbit, and his endurance vastly greater. Being very long in the body and extremely short in the legs, he ran in a most peculiar fashion, arching his lithe back almost like a measuring-worm and straightening out like a steel spring suddenly released. These sinuous bounds were grotesque enough in appearance, but singularly effective. The trail they made, overlapping that of the rabbit, but quite distinct from it, varied according to the depth of the surface snow. Where the snow lay thin, just deep enough to receive an imprint, the mink's small feet left a series of delicate, innocent-looking marks, much less formidable in appearance than those of the pad-footed fugitive. But where the loose snow had gathered deeper the mink's long body and sinewy tail from time to time stamped themselves unmistakably.

When the mink reached the second thicket, his keen and experienced craft penetrated at once the poor ruses of the fugitive. Cutting across the circlings of the trail, he picked it up again with implacable precision, making almost a straight line through the underbrush. When he emerged again into the open the rabbit was in full view ahead.

The next strip of woodland in the fugitive's path was narrow and dense. Below it, in a patch of hillocky pasture-ground sloping to a pond of steel-bright ice, a red fox was diligently hunting. He ran hither and thither, furtive but seemingly erratic, poking his nose into half-covered moss-tufts and under the roots of dead stumps, looking for mice or shrews. He found a couple of the latter, but these were small satisfaction to his vigorous winter appetite. Presently he paused, lifted his narrow, cunning nose toward the woods, and appeared to ponder the advisability of going on a rabbit-hunt. His fine, tawny, ample brush of a tail gently swept the light snow behind him as he stood undecided.

All at once he crouched flat upon the snow, quivering with excitement, like a puppy about to jump at a wind-blown leaf. He had seen the rabbit emerging from the woods. Absolutely motionless he lay, so still that in spite of his warm colouring he might have been taken for a fragment of dead wood. And as he watched, tense with anticipation, he saw the rabbit run into a long hollow log, which lay half-veiled in a cluster of dead weeds. Instantly he darted forward, ran at top speed, and crouched before the lower end of the log, where he knew the rabbit must come out.

Within a dozen seconds the mink arrived, and followed the fugitive straight into his ineffectual retreat. Such narrow quarters were just what the mink loved. The next instant the rabbit shot forth—to be caught in mid-air by the waiting fox, and die before it had time to realise in what shape doom had come upon it.

All-unconscious that he was trespassing upon another's hunt, the fox, with a skilful jerk of his head, flung the limp and sprawling victim across his shoulder, holding it by one leg, and started away down the slope toward his lair on the other side of the pond.

As the mink's long body darted out from the hollow log he stopped short, crouched flat upon the snow with twitching tail, and stared at the triumphant intruder with eyes that suddenly blazed red. The trespass was no less an insult than an injury; and many of the wild kindreds show themselves possessed of a nice sensitiveness on the point of their personal dignity. For an animal of the mink's size the fox was an overwhelmingly powerful antagonist, to be avoided with care under all

a smouldering, ruddy glow, sinister and implacable; while rage and pain had cast over the eyes of the fox a peculiar greenish opalescence.

For perhaps half a minute the two lay motionless, though quivering with the intensity of restraint and expectation. Then, with lightning suddenness, the fox repeated his dangerous rush. But again the mink was not there. As composed as if he had never moved a hair, he was lying about three yards to one side, glaring with that same immutable hate.

At this the fox seemed to realise that it was no use trying to catch so elusive a foe. The realisation came to him slowly—and slowly, sullenly, he arose and turned away, ignoring the prize which he could not carry off. With an awkward limp he started across the ice, seeming to scorn his small but troublesome antagonist.

Having thus recovered the spoils, and succeeded in scoring his point over so mighty an adversary, the mink might have been expected to let the matter rest and quietly reap the profit of his triumph. But all the vindictiveness of his ferocious and implacable tribe was now aroused. Vengeance, not victory, was his craving. When the fox had gone about a dozen feet, all at once the place where the mink had been crouching was empty. Almost in the same instant, as it seemed, the fox was again, and mercilessly, bitten through the leg.

This time, although the fox had seemed to be ignoring the foe, he turned like a flash to meet the assault. Again, however, he was just too late. His mad rush, the snapping of his long jaws, availed him nothing. The mink crouched, eying him, ever just beyond his reach. A gleam of something very close to fear came into his furious eyes as he turned again to continue his reluctant retreat.

Again and again, and yet again, the mink repeated his elusive attack, each time inflicting a deep and disastrous wound, and each time successfully escaping the counter-assault. The trail of the fox was now streaked and flecked with scarlet, and both his hind legs dragged heavily. He reached the edge of the smooth ice and turned at bay. The mink drew back, cautious for all his hate. Then the fox started across the steel-grey glare, picking his steps that he might have firm foothold.

A few seconds later the mink once more delivered his thrust. Feinting toward the enemy's right, he swerved with that snakelike celerity of his, and bit deep into the tender upper edge of the fox's thigh, where it plays over the groin.

It was a cunning and deadly stroke. But in recovering from it, to dart away again to safe distance, his feet slipped, ever so little, on the shining surface of the ice. The delay was but for the minutest fraction of a second. But in that minutest fraction lay the fox's opportunity. His wheel and spring were this time not too late. His jaws closed about the mink's slim backbone and crunched it to fragments. The lean, black shape straightened out with a sharp convulsion and lay still on the ice.

Though fully aware of the efficacy and finality of that bite, the fox set his teeth again and again, with curious deliberation of movement, into the limp and unresisting form. Then, with his tongue hanging a little from his bloody jaws, he lifted his head and stared, with a curious, wavering, anxiously doubtful look, over the white, familiar fields. The world, somehow, looked strange and blurry to him. He turned, leaving the dead mink on the ice, and painfully retraced his deeply crimsoned trail. Just ahead was the opening in the log, the way to that privacy which he desperately craved. The code of all the aristocrats of the wild kindred, subtly binding even in that supreme hour, forbade that he should consent to yield himself to death in the garish publicity of the open. With the last of his strength he crawled into the log, till just the bushy tip of his tail protruded to betray him. There he lay down with one paw over his nose, and sank into the long sleep. For an hour the frost bit hard upon the fields, stiffening to stone the bodies but now so hot with eager life. Then the snow came, thick and silent, filling the emptiness with a moving blur, and buried away all witness of the fight.

THE END.



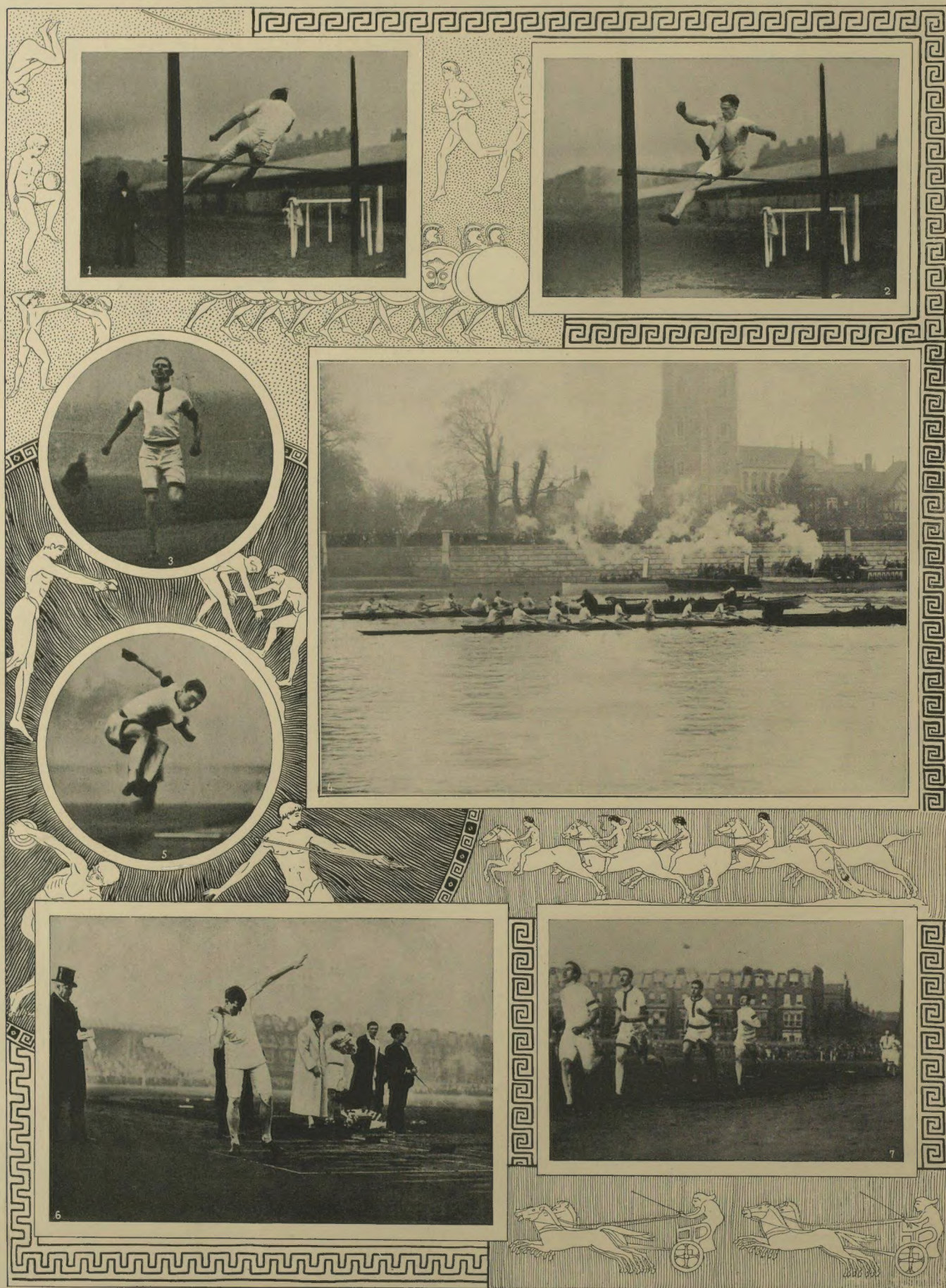
His jaws closed about the mink's slim backbone.

ordinary circumstances. But to the disappointed hunter, his blood hot from the long, exciting chase, this present circumstance seemed by no means ordinary. Noiseless as a shadow, and swift and stealthy as a snake, he sped after the leisurely fox, and with one snap bit through the great tendon of his right hindleg, permanently laming him.

As the pang went through him, and the maimed leg gave way beneath his weight, the fox dropped his burden and turned savagely upon his unexpected assailant. The mink, however, had sprung away, and lay crouched in readiness on the snow, eying his enemy malignantly. With a fierce snap of his long, punishing jaws the fox rushed upon him. But—the mink was not there. With a movement so quick as fairly to elude the sight, he was now crouching several yards away, watchful, vindictive, menacing. The fox made two more short rushes, in vain; then he, too, crouched, considering the situation, and glaring at his slender black antagonist. The mink's small eyes were lit with

THE ACADEMIC OLYMPIA: OXFORD'S VICTORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN



1. THE DEAD-HEAT FOR THE HIGH JUMP: E. E. LEADER, CHARTERHOUSE AND TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, 5 FT. 7 IN.

3. OXFORD WINS THE HALF-MILE: K. CORNWALLIS WON BY THIRTY YARDS; TIME, 1 MIN. 56 3-5 SEC.

6. CAMBRIDGE WINS AT PUTTING THE WEIGHT: THE HON. G. W. LYTTELTON, ETON AND TRINITY, 37 FT. 11 IN.

2. THE DEAD-HEAT FOR THE HIGH JUMP: E. E. PAGET-TOMLINSON, ALDENHAM AND TRINITY HALL, 5 FT. 7 IN.

4. THE START FOR THE 5. OXFORD WINS THE LONG JUMP: G. LE BLANC SMITH, RADLEY AND UNIVERSITY, 21 FT. 1 IN.

7. CAMBRIDGE WINS THE THREE MILES: A. S. D. SMITH, WEST WRATTING AND JESUS, IN THE THIRD LAP. TIME, 15 MIN. 8 4-5 SEC.

Oxford won the Sports on March 31 by six events to three, the tenth contest (the High Jump) ending unexpectedly in a dead-heat. The Mile was one of the most sensational events racing on horse-back, ball-play, a youth with jumping-weights, a youth leaping from the spring-board,

IN THE BOAT-RACE AND ATHLETIC SPORTS.

BORDER DESIGNS BY A. HUGH FISHER



8. OXFORD WINS THE HUNDRED YARDS: J. H. MORRELL, ETON AND MAGDALEN, WON BY HALF A YARD; TIME, 10.2.5 SEC.

10. OXFORD WINS! THE FINISH OF THE BOAT-RACE.—[Photo. Steam.]

12. CAMBRIDGE WINS THE HURDLES: P. H. TEAL, DULWICH AND SIDNEY, WON BY FIVE YARDS; TIME, 10.2.5 SEC.

13. A RHODES SCHOLAR IN THE DEAD-HEAT FOR THE HIGH JUMP: P. M. YOUNG, SOUTH DARGA AND ORIEL.

9. OXFORD WINS THROWING THE HAMMER: A. H. FYFE, MANCHESTER AND UNIVERSITY, 125 FT. 2 IN.

11. AN OXFORD WINNER OF TWO EVENTS: J. H. MORRELL, VICTOR IN THE HUNDRED YARDS AND QUARTER-MILE.

14. THE START FOR THE MILE: WON BY C. C. HENDERSON, HAMILTON, GLENAMON AND INCHY, OXFORD, TIME, 17.15 SEC.

ever seen at Queen's Club, creating a record for the University Sports. The border design is taken from ancient vase and mural paintings of Greek athletic contests, including armed runners racing, javelin-throwing, a four-horse chariot race, wrestling, boxing, and disc-throwing.

A VIGOROUS SOVEREIGN OF EIGHTY-SEVEN: KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK.

DESIGNED BY H. W. KILGUS.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FATHER: THE KING OF DENMARK, EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD ON APRIL 8.

King Christian, who retains in his ninth decade the elasticity and bearing of a young man, was born at Copenhagen April 2, 1818. His full name is "King of Denmark and of the Wends and Goths, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stormarn, Dittmar, Lauenburg and Mecklenburg." He ascended King Frederick VII. on November 15, 1871, by virtue of the laws of London and of the Danish law of succession. His Majesty is now ancestor to many of the great reigning houses of Europe. Queen Alexandra, the young widow of the late Prince of Wales, is his daughter; his third daughter is the Dowager Empress of Russia; his youngest son, the King of Greece, has recently celebrated a great gathering of royal persons at his wedding at Athens.

TROGLODYTES OF THE 20TH CENTURY: TIBETAN EXPLORATIONS RECOGNISED BY THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S GOLD MEDAL.

DRAWING BY MELTON PRIOR FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN RYDER, WHO TOOK THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE PAGE



1. THE SOLUTION OF A MUCH-DEBATED GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM: THE OUTLET FROM THE MANASBUWAR LAKE TO RALLIES TAL LAKE, DISCOVERED BY THE EXPEDITION.

2. THE NEWLY ASCERTAINED SOURCE OF THE BRAHMAPUTRA: THE TOP OF MARIAM-LA.

3. TROGLODYTES OF THE 20TH CENTURY: A CAVE VILLAGE IN WESTERN TIBET.

4. THE SURVEY PARTY AT WORK.

After the close of the Tibet Expedition Captain C. H. D. Ryder, R.E., was dispatched to Western Tibet on a survey expedition. He solved several important problems, and his work has been recognised by the award of the Royal Geographical Society's gold medal. Many of the places visited had not been trodden by the European, but the Tibetans were most friendly and gave the officers an armed escort.

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN HIGH PLACES: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RETURN TO NATURE.

HIERATO UNPUBLISHED STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



"THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS IS HIS": PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HOLIDAY-MAKING ON GLACIER POINT, IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, THE RETREAT WHENCE HE SAYS HE DRAWS MOST OF HIS INSPIRATION. On April 2 the President of the United States started for the longest holiday he has enjoyed during his term of office. He will camp for two months in the Rocky Mountains and the Wilderness. His secretary alone will know of his whereabouts, and that official lives on a private railway train side-tracked somewhere near Colorado. Into the secretary's car runs a private telegraph-wire; but the President is to be disturbed only on business of the utmost importance. The First Citizen will sleep on the ground and live on pork, bread, butter, coffee, and the quarry of his own gun.

VARIOUS PILGRIMAGES.

Great Zimbabwe. By R. N. Hall. (London: Methuen. 21s.)
Sheries of British Saints. By Charles Wall. (London: Methuen. 6s. 6d.)
Port Arthur: Three Months with the Boerers. By Frederic Villiers. (London: Longmans. 7s. 6d.)
With the Pilgrims to Mecca. By Hadji Khan, M.R.A.S., and Wilfred Sparrow. (London: John Lane. 12s. 6d.)
Rice Papers. By H. L. Norris. (London: Longmans. 6s.)
The East Africa Protectorate. By Sir Charles Eliot. (London: Arnold. 15s.)

Mr. Hall's book contains the fruits of two years' work among the famous ruins of "Great Zimbabwe" in Rhodesia. The task of clearing, exploring, and examining these extraordinary buildings, which are believed to be between three and four thousand years old, was one that offered very exceptional attractions to an archaeologist: and the thoroughness with which Mr. Hall carried out the operations entrusted to him by the Rhodesian Government is eloquently reflected in the comprehensive character of his record. It is now acknowledged by all authorities that these fortified dwellings, temples, and smelting works were built by gold-seekers from Southern Arabia, who established themselves thus securely in a hostile region to carry on the work that brought them to the country. The late Mr. Theodore Bent and others produced evidence to uphold this view; but never have the resemblances between South Arabian remains and these at Zimbabwe been brought out in a fashion so clear and convincing as they are by Mr. Hall in the book before us. He is further at pains to show from the nature and situation of the ruins that these vast defensive and industrial works were constructed by a people possessing architectural and engineering skill of a high order, and able to command practically unlimited slave labour. The total absence of inscriptions of any kind necessarily leaves much to conjecture, but the builders of Zimbabwe have left enough in the shape of tools, scraps of metal, and stonework to betray their craftsmanship; and though the unwritten history is somewhat complicated by the fact that the Makalanga of the district have in less remote times utilised the fortified enclosures for their own purposes, experts are able to discriminate between the relics left by succeeding generations of occupiers. Much needless injury has been done to the ruins in recent times by gold-seekers, and still more by the heavy tropical vegetation which, alone and in combination with storms, has contributed enormously to the dilapidation of the walls; but since the Rhodesian Government has taken the ruins under its protection, deterioration from all causes has been arrested. Of Mr. Hall's volume, with its numerous photographs and plans, it would be difficult to speak too highly: it betrays unerring industry and wide archaeological knowledge, clear-sighted judgment and imaginative ability. To say that the book is well worthy of its theme is only to give it the praise that is its due.

Mr. Charles Wall has given a somewhat ambiguous title to his valuable and scholarly book on the shrines that were once the treasures of England. "British" in modern politics means "English"; but "British" in history is generally the antithesis of "English." It defines the time and the people before the coming of those whom, in the day of Freeman and Green, we did not dare to call the Saxons. But Mr. Wall joins Briton, Saxon (we beg pardon), Norman, and Dane under the large term, and his work is wide, as well as thorough. Strange are the alterations of a whole nation's mind, and none more strange or complete than the transformation of the thought and feeling of England with regard to her saints. Probably all but one in a thousand of modern English people know of but four national saints—the Venerable Bede, Dunstan, Edward the Confessor, and St. Hugh of Lincoln. To Bede and Edward have clung technical titles that avoid the name of "Saint." For "Venerable" is the first degree of canonisation, and belongs to all whose process of beatification has been instituted, so that a hero of virtue is first "the Venerable," then "the Blessed," and then "Saint." To Bede, long after his full Saintship was proclaimed, the minor title was popularly assigned. Edward was "Confessor" like any other saint not a martyr, a bishop, or a doctor—"St. Edward, King and Confessor," being his full title. Capriciously, the one title has remained distinctively his, to the mystification of children, who suppose that he heard confessions in confessional, whereas the word does but mean that he confessed the faith without martyrdom. Dunstan is remembered with execration because of the silly legends added to his illustrious history; and St. Hugh for the sake of Chaucer. But the great multitude of English saints—men and women in whom England had a passion of devout pride—are as though they had never been. It was, after all, for virtue, whether real or imputed, that they were beloved. Of the shrines, all sacked, all scattered, all shattered, in which their bodies were honoured, Mr. Wall has made a full record with the utmost research and care. His book will be in future indispensable to archaeologists. It is fully illustrated.

No one who reads Mr. Frederic Villiers's account of the three months that he spent with the Japanese troops before Port Arthur can fail to recognise that there is much amid the appalling splendours of warfare that must make a deep appeal to the artist. His point of view must necessarily differ from that of the expert strategist, who is concerned to explain the significance of the operations; and such colour-impressions as those that Mr. Villiers so vividly presents will show the siege in a new aspect to many who have been absorbed by the stupendous efforts and heroic achievements that it has involved. He notes the flashing lights at night, the colour-effect of the great volumes of smoke that roll across the valley between the combatants by day,

and he has a quick eye also for the troops of little men who press on, undaunted by the devastating shells, and scale the opposite heights, though only a handful reach the Russian forts. It is essentially a visual record, and the author's descriptive faculty enables us to see the scenes and incidents as they presented themselves to his own eyes. But an artist, to enter into the spirit of such tumultuous events, must be gifted with exceptional nerve, and one has a moment of anxiety for Mr. Villiers himself when he sits down to sketch in the "Thirty-Minute Trench," so called because the intrepidity even of the Japanese was not equal to more than half-an-hour at a time in this scene of death. There are some amusing notes on the shifts of the correspondents who were the author's companions; General Nogri, who was most considerate to the Press representatives, and other officers are introduced; and several personal experiences, related in the light-hearted manner of the old campaigner who knows what he is about and can take the rough with the smooth, afford additional entertainment. Mr. Villiers's skill with the pencil is so familiar that we need add no commendation of the illustrations.

East and West come close together nowadays, and the writers who help the union by acting as interpreters are as men who, finding waste ground, cultivate it and plant trees. Hitherto we have spoken of the Pilgrimage to Mecca with bated breath; Burckhardt and Burton have been our guides, and the latter has left a fascinating record of the journey. Now we find a "True Believer," Mr. Hadji Khan, M.R.A.S., assisted by a "Nazarene," Mr. Wilfred Sparrow, setting out the full details of the famous journey in a book called "With the Pilgrims to Mecca." Professor Arminius Vambéry contributes an introduction, and the book, like the Gaul of Cæsar's "Commentaries," is divided into three parts. We have a section devoted to the Mohammedan faith, which is described clearly and without the prejudice that marks the writing of so many who have studied the letter and missed the spirit of Islam. Then comes the story of the journey, well, and intimately told, but missing something of the glamour that stirred Burton's blood when he became a Hadji, and was communicated to his book; and finally we have some sketches of life in Mecca itself. By way of an appendix, Mr. Sparrow contributes a chapter upon the position of slaves and the prevalence of slavery in the world of Islam. Here, we think, he misses the truth of the case. Slaves in Mohammedan countries are seldom more vicious or degraded than their masters, and they are generally better off than the poor free men of Islam's overcrowded cities—at least, this is our experience.

Messrs. Longmans seem to have a happy knack of getting hold of amusing yarns from outlying parts of the Empire. Such are the "Rice Papers" of Mr. H. L. Norris, written during three years' service in China (on board H.M.S. *Tamar*, if we are right), when the author appears to have followed the counsel of the Chinese proverb which he has adopted as the motto for his little volume. He has exercised his faculties of seeing, and has got good things to eat! The reader ought to be grateful for being permitted to share with him his good things. The best of them, perhaps, concern one Hong, the massive, burly gatekeeper of a certain British Consulate, whose stories (as the author would say) possess the merit of not being true, but told with an imperturbable gravity, delight us as they delighted Jack and Dorothy. "Excellencies," Hong would answer, if you were anxious about their veracity, "I would have you ponder this saying of the philosopher—'A bad liar is a better companion than a deaf mute.'" In the main, these "Rice Papers" are tales without a heroine; but Hoo, the daughter of Tak Wo, affords an exception. Her earlier exploits are narrated here with a seasoned humour by the author, who "shows his hand," almost for the only time, in the reports of her later fortunes which he puts into the mouth of Mrs. Jones's daughter at Peckham Rye. As for Mr. Norris's heroes, they bear no more resemblance than he would desire to the "doddering idiots" so often represented on the stage, though at times we do catch in them a likeness to a well-known Chinese gentleman, "which Ah Sin was his name."

At a moment when people are beginning to realise that British possessions in East Africa are not limited to the Uganda Railway, Sir Charles Eliot's handsome volume, "The East Africa Protectorate," is likely to receive some of the attention due to its merits. That the author is a capable writer and a shrewd judge of politics and men, let his "Turkey in Europe" prove, though even that book does not reveal the born diplomat and statesman so clearly as this later one. Sir Charles enables us to understand something of the fascination that belongs to Empire-building, to realise the responsibility that falls to men who are called upon to exercise their own discretion in judging between the rightful owners of the soil and their conquerors. The book shows very clearly that the author brought to his task a number of the gifts that we associate with the best British administrators—a clear purpose, wide experience, close observation of local conditions, and a proper measure of sympathy and tolerance. It is interesting to note that Sir Charles Eliot finds the African races, as a rule, neither physically weak nor cruel, that he believes the Baganda will rival the Japanese in assimilating European culture, and that he deprecates punitive expeditions. "If there were no decorations," he declares, "there would be fewer of these little wars." Many people will learn for the first time that the Uganda Railway does not touch Uganda, but runs through the East Africa Protectorate, a vast territory that offers a home for thousands of white men. Uganda, on the other hand, is not a white man's country at all. Sir Charles speaks very well about missionaries, judging their work by an unsectarian standard; and he has not retired from the position that led him to resign, and deprived our Foreign Office of one of its ablest administrators.

ENCHANTED CIGARETTES WITH MR. LANG.

It is not until quite late in his "Adventures Among Books" that Mr. Andrew Lang invites us to share (or is it only to watch him smoke?) his enchanted cigarettes. No matter which; for up to that point we have been royally entertained, and even the savour of the smoker's incense is an enviable interlude to the banquet which does not end there. And, after all, if the watcher's part must be ours only, why complain? for nobody but Mr. Lang could smoke these magic whiffs so airily, and with such deft fantasy weave from them his smoke-rings.

"Adventures Among Books" (Longmans) seemed at the first handling to promise bibliomania—relations of chances less rather than more disastrous (for the author of the A B C of Book-hunting) in the old, unhappy, far-off booths of Holywell Street or in the light and liberty of newer Charing Cross Road. That, of course, would have been very welcome; but there is no denying that it was better still to find that the title was but a thin disguise for another series of essays, ethereal, whimsical Epistles of St. Andrew, where the deftly-set quotation and allusion glitter on the bezel of the jest; where no line has been written very far out of sight of Ilium, or the Scottish border, or the haunted town beside the Northern Sea. The adventures among books are for the most part spiritual. Once or twice only are the material traffickings of the market suffered to appear. In the essay on "An Old Scottish Psychological Researcher," the worthy inquirer in question, Professor Sinclair, of Glasgow, declares of his story of the Devil of Glenluce that "this one Relation is worth all the Price that can be given for the Book," "The Price I have given for the volume," comments Mr. Lang, "is Ten Golden Guineas, and perhaps the Foul Thief of Glenluce is hardly worth the money." But this passing confession of spendthrift adventure is almost all that we see of the bookhunter.

There is in the volume more deliberate self-revelation than Mr. Lang has hitherto permitted himself. For this he paves the way in his first three lines, where he is diffident as to what room there may be in an age of reminiscences for the "confessions of a veteran who remembers a great deal about books and very little about people." The appeal, he warns us, is frankly to the bookish. So be it. Of a fit audience he is assured, and not so very few either.

With the cigarettes chapter an easy first for enchantment (though all the essays may more or less claim to be purveyors of magic vapour), we may for choice—and no doubt the bias is purely personal—award the second place to the first paper of all. It is an "Autobiographical Literaria," without the "world of alien disquisitions" into which Coleridge wandered: a record of the writer's early acquaintances in letters—the books, not the men. At four, he tells us, he learned to read by a simple process—

I had heard the elegy of Cock Robin till I knew it by rote, and I picked out the letters and words which compose that classic till I could read it for myself. Earlier than that, "Robinson Crusoe" had been read to me, in an abbreviated form, no doubt. I remember the pictures of Robinson finding the footprint in the sand and a dance of cannibals and the parrot. But somehow I have never read "Robinson" since; it is a pleasure to come.

Then there were chap-books about Bruce, Wallace, and Rob Roy that did not awaken a precocious patriotism, fairy tales and Shakspeare—but the stages of the road are lost.

A nursery legend tells that I was wont to arrange six open books on six chairs, and go from one to the others, perusing them by turns. No doubt this was what people call "desultory reading," but I did not hear the criticism till later, and then too often for my comfort. Memory holds a picture more vivid than most of a small boy reading the "Midsummer Night's Dream" by firelight, in a room where candles were lit, and someone touched a piano, and a young man and a girl were playing chess. . . . the fairies seemed to come out of Shakspeare's dream into the music and the firelight. At that moment I think that I was happy; it seemed an enchanted glimpse of fairyland and Paradise; nothing resembling it remains to me out of all the years.

There should be no partial embargo on Shakspeare for children, for even in our infancy the "magician Shakspeare brings us nothing worse than a world of beautiful visions, half realised." For this word in season the essayist has our humble gratitude. Dickens won Mr. Lang from serious early studies, and then—oh, fateful hour!—he found the Waverley novels. From that bout he has never—*Deo gratias*!—quite recovered. The divinely inevitable period of idleness in school-work was mended by the discovery of Homer. Hence, doubtless, the enrolment of Mr. Lang among the Snell Exhibitioners; but he mourns, perhaps with too great self-accusation, a "provokingly imperfect accuracy." One remembers in the dedication of "Homer and the Epic" something about "aiming the shafts of a literary skirmisher from behind the shield of the scholar," and that scholar is not the present Adventurer. Yet this shortcoming, real or supposed, only adds piquancy to glimpses of St. Andrews and Oxford days:

"Recollections of R. L. Stevenson" tells of a distant intimacy that loses nothing by its emphasised remoteness. "Rab's Friend" limns with just the right touch Dr. John Brown; but these are less of this volume's peculiar essence than the study on the Confessions of St. Augustine, the phantasm (so diverse yet so akin) of "Paris and Helen," and the firmly handled "Snodgett," where, however, occurs the "provokingly impudent accuracy" of Sir Malachi for Sir Mungo Macgrouther. But in all this reviewer's aridage, it would seem, is no word of the enchanted cigarettes themselves; truly, to say are incommensurable save by their inventor. For, the next or word, idea is Balzac's, this linking of "dramatic over literary projects" to transcendental smoking, but the brand is the maker's own secret.

A GREAT STORY-TELLER'S CENTENARY: HANS ANDERSEN.

DESIGNS FROM ANDERSEN'S STORIES BY W. RUSSELL FLINT; PHOTOGRAPH BY BREUER.



THE DANISH WIZARD, HIS BIRTHPLACE, AND SOME OF THE BEST-KNOWN CREATIONS OF HIS WAND.

Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odensee on April 2, 1805. He was the son of a poor cobbler, who, like many cobblers, was a man of imagination, and read Holberg's "Comedies" to his infant before he was many hours old. The boy grew up in an atmosphere of fancy, and learned an extraordinary number of folk songs and tales from his grandmother. A witch prophesied that in Hans's honour Odensee would be one day illuminated; and on the strength of this his mother allowed him, when he was fourteen, to go to Copenhagen to seek his fortune. For five years he starved, and then composed a play which brought him the friendship of Jonas Collin, Director of the Royal Theatre, and a Government grant for his education. He always preferred to regard himself as a playwright, but needless to say his greatest work was his fairy stories, some of the best known of which will be recognized on this page. Andersen died on August 4, 1875, the best-loved man in Denmark.



THE PRICE OF EASTERN EMPIRE: RUSSIAN SUFFERING IN THE BATTLEFIELDS OF MANCHURIA

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The scene is typical, and is laid in a roughly improvised hospital within a bomb-proof shelter. The Sisters of Mercy have shown extraordinary devotion in the present campaign, and no fewer than six of them lost their lives in the battle of Mukden. Among the Medical Staff generally, mortality and sickness have wrought fierce havoc, and the plight of the wounded was rendered thereby more miserable. No hospital, even the roughest, is without its symbols of religion. Note above the dying man's head the ikon or sacred picture, fixed according to the invariable Russian custom in the corner of the room, and lighted, owing to the exigencies of war, by one guttering candle instead of the glass lamp, hung on chains, which is usually employed.

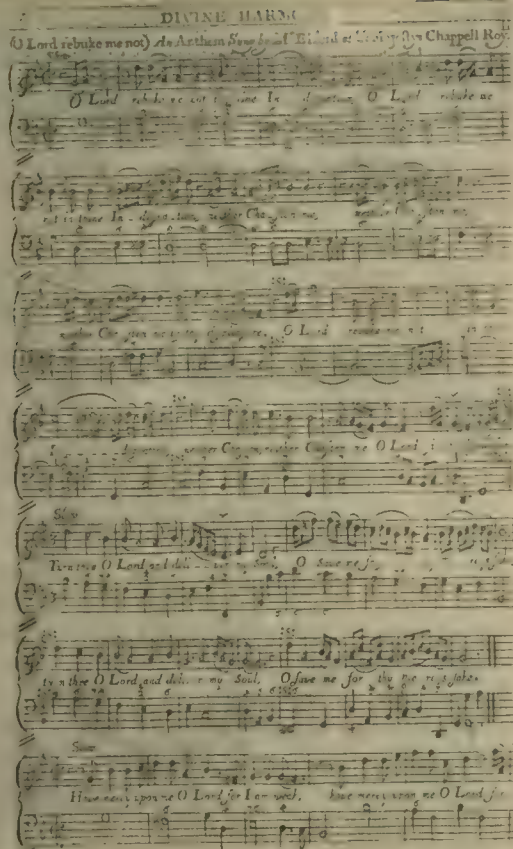
IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: IRVING THE SECOND AS HAMLET.

Portrait by T. S. J. Hoffmann.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS THE PRINCE OF DENMARK, THE MOST INTERESTING PART HE HAS YET CREATED.

Mr. H. B. Irving appeared in "Hamlet" at the Adelphi Theatre on April 4. With the performance our dramatic critic deals elsewhere; but the event was of more than ordinary interest in the history of the stage, as Mr. Irving's new task inevitably challenged comparison with that of his father. Mr. Irving has already played Hamlet in the provinces, so that his study of the part has not been hasty. He has, indeed, stated in an interview that it is not a part one can create in a day. Mr. Irving has never seen his father in the part.



OPENING OF PURCELL'S MARCH FOR THE FUNERAL OF MARY II.

PAGE FROM THE SCORE OF WELDON'S "DIVINE HARMONY."

THE DISCOVERY OF RARE MUSIC IN THE LIBRARY OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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Of the above reproductions (made by the courtesy of the Provost of Oriel) one shows the beginning of Purcell's March for the funeral of Mary II., the wife of William III. The march was performed again at Purcell's own funeral. It was never printed, and had almost been forgotten, when a manuscript of it (probably by the hand of Purcell's secretary) was discovered not long ago in Oriel College. Last year it was played at the funeral of the Duke of Cambridge, and those who heard it then must have felt that it is a characteristic and fine product of Purcell's genius. The other page represents the first page of the score of "Divine Harmony: Six Select Anthems for a Voice Alone, with a Thorough Bass, for the Organ, Harpsichord, or Arch-lute," by John Weldon. Some of Weldon's anthems—e.g., "In Thee, O Lord," and "Hear my crying"—are still performed; but "Divine Harmony" has never acquired so much fame, perhaps, as it deserves.



AN UNSUCCESSFUL AUTOCRAT ON HIS OFFICIAL TRAVELS: PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE ON HIS YEARLY JOURNEY THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF CRETE.

The troubles thicken about Prince George, who appears very unlikely to rescue his governorship from the entanglements that beset it. His latest move is a manifesto in which he announces to the Cretan people somewhat unnecessarily that the revolutionary movement has greatly distressed him. He asserts that the promoters of the movement are leading the people astray, and he calls upon the islanders to remain calm. Regardless of the Prince's feelings, the insurgents have constituted a provisional National Assembly, which has proclaimed the union of Crete with Greece, such union to apply to those parts of the island governed by the Cretan Executive Committee in 1877. Some little time ago Prince George was all for union, and even made the tour of the great European Courts in order to induce the Powers to force it. Failing this, he said he intended to resign.

BRITAIN FROM THE CLOUDS: YORK AND ITS MINSTER FROM A BALLOON.

FROM THE MINSTER STREET.



THE GREAT MINSTER OF THE NORTH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The central object of the picture is, of course, York Minster. The Cathedral of St. Peter occupies the site of the wooden church in which King Edwin was baptised on Easter Day 627. According to Bede, Edwin, after his baptism, began to construct "a large and noble basilica of stone." The Saxon cathedral perished during the Norman invasion, and the Minster was reconstructed by Archbishop Thomas of Bayeux between 1070 and 1100. The present nave dates from 1285, and the Chapter House (the building with the conical roof to the left of the choir) is of the same period. The west front, believed to be the most perfect composition in the architecture of any English cathedral, carries a west window unrivalled for its fourteenth century tracery. The choir was completed in 1400. The street in the centre leads up to the gateway known as Bootham Bar, one of the four principal ancient entrances to the city. Beyond the gate, under the shadow of the Cathedral to the right, is St. Michael's Church, and the buildings to the left of the Chapter House are the Minster Library, the Donnery, the Residence, and the remains of the archiepiscopal palace. The crescent outside the gate to the right is St. Leonard's Place, and beyond appears the broad thoroughfare of Parliament Street.

'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!' CASSELL.

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'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCHER.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

'RICH FROM THE VERY WANT OF WEALTH, IN HEAVEN'S BEST TREASURES, PEACE AND HEALTH. O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London showed no trace of weariness, although he is preaching almost daily. The actuality of his sermons is specially appreciated. He touches the various difficulties, anxieties, and sorrows which are most real to his hearers. At St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, he addressed last week congregations numbering at least fifteen hundred persons.

That eminent Persian scholar, Dr. St. Clair Tisdall, has again been appointed by the Church Missionary Society to deliver the James Long lectures on Oriental religion in the present year. The subject chosen is Hinduism.

The Bishop of Stepney, who preached at the annual meeting of the New Church Missionary Society, whom he described as "a great man, though not of our communion." Dr. Lang reminded the audience that the most impressive testimony to the value of missionary labour is to be found in the letters and speeches of the local administrators.

The Rev. C. H. Grundy, who was to preach at the mid-day service in St. Paul's in the third week of Lent, has been laid aside by an attack of bronchitis. His place was taken by the Rev. A. W. Gough, Vicar

of Brompton, who has been earnestly supporting Dr. Torrey's work at the Albert Hall. Mr. Gough is a young preacher of conspicuous ability. His voice proved very suitable for St. Paul's, and his eloquent, original addresses attracted large congregations.

The new Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Rev. E. B. Otley, was formerly curate of Hawarden, and from 1880 to 1883 was Principal of Sarum Theological College. In the latter year he succeeded Canon Holland,

entirely devoted to fiction, and the reader receives 144 pages uninterrupted by illustration for fourpence. But this is not all. Purchasers of the magazine who cut out a coupon and send it to the publisher will have their fourpence returned. By this device the editor says he will secure the purchase of his first number by over a million persons. He is to be congratulated on the ingenuity alike of this scheme and of the *Novel Magazine* itself.

of Canterbury, as minister of Quebec Chapel, which is now known as the Church of the Annunciation. No West London congregation is more active in good works than Mr. Otley's.

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) is preaching a course of Lenten Sermons on "The Last Things." Speaking last Sunday evening, on Death, he said, "We are not to-day so haggard by the fear of death as past generations were. The Spirit of Christ is leavening the Church more and more, and science, too, is teaching us to forget death. We are coming to look on it as a natural thing." V.

The *Novel Magazine* is the latest enterprise of the firm of Messrs. Pearson. It is

THE TURREN FOR PLEASURE CRAFT: THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN YACHT-CONSTRUCTION.
The twin-screw turbine yacht "Narcissus" of 800 tons, built for Mr. E. Miller Mundy by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited, Glasgow, is shown at sea on a very moderate coal-consumption. She is at present in the Clyde, and is expected to be the property of the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Albany, and Colonel Paget-Murray.



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"ANTIPON" is in itself a completely successful treatment for the permanent cure of corpulence. It is a true natural remedy because it helps to nourish and strengthen the system whilst destroying the unhealthy deposits of fatty matter, both internal and subcutaneous. It is a true natural remedy because it improves the appetite and perfects the digestive process. The subject undergoing the "Antipon" treatment—the pleasantest ever discovered—finds a generous quantity of good wholesome food positively necessary, and, this being always thoroughly digested and assimilated, the strengthening process is steadily maintained, while, on the other hand, the superabundant fatty matter is being as steadily and surely removed. Sound nourishment is the only help "Antipon" requires, and this, by its splendid tonic effects, "Antipon" compels the subject to take. There are no disagreeable restrictions in the matter of diet; one's usual prudent mode of living need not be changed. It will be seen that this strength-building system of reducing weight is totally different from the dangerous methods of a less enlightened time, methods which involved semi-starvation, much mineral drugging, and excessive physical exertion. "Antipon" is the ideal home treatment, and can be followed with the strictest privacy.

"Antipon" is a pleasantly tart liquid containing none but harmless herbal ingredients. Nothing of an objectionable nature enters into its composition, nor does it cause the slightest stomachic or other disturbance.

The weight-reducing power of "Antipon" is almost from the outset. Within a day and a night of first dose, the decrease will amount to 8 oz. to 3 lb., or more than the latter figure in very pronounced cases of corpulence. Then day by day the reduction continues surely, safely, and steadily until complete restoration to normal conditions of weight and symmetry. Mark that the decrease is not merely in the abdominal region—the whole body is restored to correct proportions, and the doses may be discontinued forthwith, the cure being quite permanent. After a course of "Antipon," the once stout person will find himself or herself cent per cent better in every way, full of life and energy, free from difficulty in breathing, eating well, sleeping well, muscularly stronger, and with a clear healthy skin and complexion. These splendid results, together with restored beauty of figure, are well within the reach of the modest purse.

Colonial readers of *The Illustrated London News* will be glad to know that "Antipon" is stocked by wholesale druggists in Australasia, South Africa, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local chemist or store.

From all Chemists & Stores. Price 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d.

"Antipon"

HAS CURED THOUSANDS

of the distressing disease of obesity, increasing at the same time strength and vitality. This statement is convincingly proved by the hundreds of testimonials received by the "Antipon" Company and carefully filed for reference in proof of genuineness. Anyone may see them. "Antipon" is a most pleasant and simple home treatment which can be followed by anyone in strict privacy and without the least discomfort. Just a dose at stated intervals of an agreeable liquid of purely vegetable ingredients—that is all. There are no vexatious dietary rules to follow; no exhausting exercises; no drugs to take. A course of "Antipon" would not harm a child. "Antipon" gradually expels from the system every vestige of superfluous and diseased fatty matter both internal and subcutaneous. At the same time it destroys the tendency to the formation of excessive adipose. The cure is therefore permanent. "Antipon" is an admirable tonic which increases appetite and promotes digestion. Food—good nourishing food—is the only help "Antipon" requires, so that sound muscular tissue and rich blood may replace the flabby muscles and impure blood impregnated with particles of fatty matter. Within a day and a night of first dose a reduction of 8 oz. to 3 lb. is the sure result, this being followed by a steady daily decrease until normal weight and elegant proportions are attained. By then the limbs will have become firm and well shaped, and the whole body, face, and figure symmetrical. The skin, acting more freely, will be pure and clear, and the complexion much improved. After a course of "Antipon" the subject will once more work with zest and enjoy outdoor recreation without any fatigue.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
Antipon has a tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger.

The Petch
This most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons as much for health sake as for the chance of perfect complexion.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases health and vitality.

Ladies Journal
Readers troubled with corpulence will find in Antipon a reliable and permanent cure, pleasant to take without incurable distressing effects.

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It is satisfactory to know that the new cure "Antipon" is the practical result of a specialist's researches & discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy.

Sheffield Daily Independent
"Antipon" bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

To Convince Absolutely,

and without a possibility of doubt, any stout person that "Antipon" is at once a really permanent cure for corpulence and a tonic of the highest value, a single enthusiastic letter of acknowledged genuineness might not suffice; but when hundreds of letters, written in the same strain by persons in every walk of life, can be produced and their genuineness proved, it would take a very sceptical mind indeed to deny the flawless value of the evidence. At the offices of The "Antipon" Company there are carefully preserved hundreds of voluntary testimonials to the matchless virtues of "Antipon" as a lasting destroyer of superfluous fat and as a tonic and strengthener. To read these letters is to acknowledge that the discovery of "Antipon" was a priceless acquisition to curative science. The following extracts are taken haphazard, but they may be taken as examples of the general tenor of those constantly received—

A SHEFFIELD trained nurse writes—

"I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

The following letter, received from an Anglo-Indian lady, and filed for reference by the "Antipon" Co., eclipses all previous records in the matter of radical fat reduction—

"THE MANAGER ARMY AND NAVY STORES, BOMBAY.

"DEAR SIR,—I please send me a large bottle of 'Antipon'. When I started 'Antipon' I was 246 lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61 lb.), for I only weigh 184 lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened, and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet.

(Mrs.) "F. M. S.—"

"BATH.

"Please despatch 'urgent' another parcel. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from Eczema; it has been slowly healing ever since the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin. (Mrs.) "G. D.—"

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Which possesses all the elements that go to produce a good head of hair. Its powerful, stimulating properties go straight to the hair-roots, giving them a life and vigour they never knew before; and life and vigour to the roots mean more hair, stronger hair, better hair. It will assuredly do all this for YOU, as it has done for thousands of others.

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PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE.

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writes: "Four months ago I was almost completely bald, when a friend of mine induced me to try your great Hair Restorer. The result has been simply marvellous, for to-day I am the possessor of a fine head of hair, thanks to your remarkable remedy."

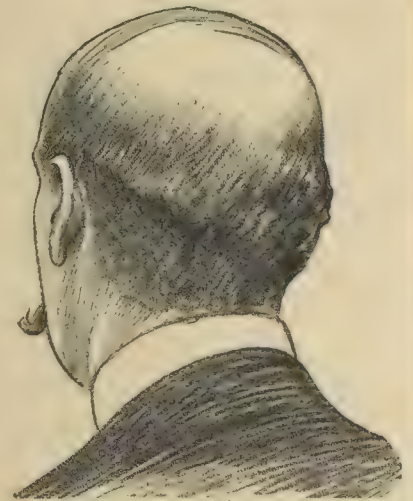
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LADIES' PAGES.

Queensland is now added to the British Colonies in which women have the Parliamentary vote on the same terms as men. This was secured by a measure passed into law on Jan. 24, the details of which have just come to hand in England. Those interested in the subject will remember that all the women in Australia were enfranchised as far as regards the Federal Government in the Act that constituted the Australian Commonwealth about two years ago. Previous to that Federal franchise being obtained, the women of South Australia and West Australia had obtained the franchise of their respective States. Immediately after receiving the Federal franchise, the women of New South Wales were also granted the vote for their local Legislature. Now follows the women's vote for the Queensland Parliament; this leaving the Victorian women alone outside their own State's citizenship. New Zealand led the way in this reform, and Tasmania enfranchised its women a year or so ago. The whole of our Australasian Colonies are therefore now under full constitutional representative government, for women as well as for men, except Victoria. Women are also eligible for election to sit in the Federal Parliament, and in that of South Australia, but no woman has been elected as yet.

We must all feel the greatest sympathy with the widows and orphans who have lost their natural protectors in the wars that have been waged by their country, and the Queen stands foremost in this as in all other kindly emotions and actions. Her Majesty decided to allot £5000 from her War Fund, and a further £10,000 which was a Coronation gift, to aid in the foundation of a Home, composed of flats, for the widows of officers and their unmarried daughters. The buildings have been in course of erection at Wimbledon for some time past, and will be fully ready to be occupied in June, when her Majesty in person will perform the opening ceremony, and give the buildings the name of "Queen Alexandra's Court." As all officers' widows have a certain income, a limit has been fixed for those eligible to reside in the Court. They must have not less than £40 nor more than £100 a year, and must be at least fifty years of age.

To the advantage of residence here, orphans of military or naval officers will only have access as companions to their widowed mothers; but another opportunity offers for the assistance of children of the same rank. Christ's Hospital is one of the standing illustrations of the manner in which educational endowments, originally intended for the use of both sexes, are apt to get consecrated to the benefit of boys alone, if men are exclusively in the position of management of the funds. There is abundant evidence that this foundation of the good young King who last bore the name of



A GRACEFUL TEA-JACKET.

Sweet simplicity and graceful lightness are combined in this little coat of spotted net, edged with lace and fastened with bows of ribbon.

Edward was meant for female as well as male children, but by degrees it became practically confined to boys. Under the scheme recently adopted, however, more

provision was made for girls, and now an anonymous donor has come forward to assist girls still further in this direction. The sum of £20,000 has been given for the maintenance and education of an additional number of girls in Christ's Hospital, and the Council of Almoners are therefore prepared to receive applications on behalf of a number of orphan daughters of officers of the Army or Navy, professional men, and Civil servants. The little orphan girls to be thus provided for must be between nine and eleven years old. For such it is a great opportunity, and their guardians can obtain full information on application to the Clerk of Christ's Hospital, London, E.C.

Although the King was prevented from attending the Household Brigade Steeplechases, as had been anticipated, the gathering was very smart, a large number of people going down from London. As the weather had turned rather cold, the gowns were for the most part of a substantial order—freizes and tweeds and cloths; and the most noticeable feature was the large number of short skirts and of "redingotes"—more than three-quarter length, yet allowing the dress to be quite visible under the edge. Coats in fine black cloth were most patronised in this length, and colours were not usually seen, unless the coat were in reality a part of the costume, worn over a blouse, as was very often the case. The Marchioness of Ormonde wore a long, well-fitting redingote over a skirt of the same fabric and colour—a costume, in fact—the material being Sèvres-blue freize. Brown was the colour most worn, and it was often relieved with touches of pink, or of white embroidered with black or with colours or gold; and the orange note bringing up the tone of a brown costume that one thought must have worn out its popularity was still much in evidence. Short-basqued coats of velvet, rendered cosy by accompanying furs, were also much worn. The Countess of Kerry was one of the few to wear white, her long coat nearly covering her brown dress, and her toque being black trimmed with white lace and pink roses. Lady Fisher had a long coat in so delicate a shade of biscuit that it was almost white. For the most part, the gowns were of the solid and sensible but smart order that an English spring demands. Silks there were none; that fabric is yet to come into wear, when the skies are more dependable and the cold winds need not be feared.

Linens will be soon in keeping with climatic conditions, if the weather keeps on in its present agreeable frame of mind. There is a large stock of embroidered linens in the shops, and it is expected to be a very fashionable material for morning wear this season. Hand embroideries are already executed on linen for skirts and blouses; this industry has been widely taken up in Ireland, and the nimble and

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skilful fingers of the Irish girls in their cottage homes have been busy all the winter, so we have now offered to us the fruit of their efforts at most moderate prices. The blouse-lengths are often charmingly decorated, the embroideries fully covering the front; in other cases the trimming is arranged to provide revers to trim down either side of the front, where the hooks are placed, so that it can be fastened by the wearer—the more convenient plan, though not facilitating decorating of the front as well as a back-closing arrangement. There is always a certain similarity in such ready-worked garments, however, and the very fact that they are being offered so inexpensively (the blouses from as little as seven-and-sixpence, the skirts accompanied with bodices sometimes only thirty shillings, all shaped and ready to make up) will prevent women who insist upon being expensively and exclusively dressed from patronising the “embroidered lengths.” Irish linen will, nevertheless, appeal to the most exclusive, but it will be originally trimmed with broderie Anglaise, and with point d'Irlande, and incrustated with motifs and lightened with entre-deux. Here is a costly yet simple model, for instance. The great Paris designer has taken for foundation a deep flounce of broderie Anglaise which forms the top of the skirt, and then a somewhat less wide flounce of the same to make the lower portion of the slightly trained skirt. At the hips, and again as a heading to the lower flounce, is set an incrustation of Irish point, crossing over and over again to make a line of diamond shapes, backed with pink linen bands. The bodice is a cross-over one of broderie Anglaise, provided with a deep-shaped and fully boned belt, rising higher behind than in front, of rose pink linen, which also forms the throatlet and chemisette, with a covering on the pink at the throat of Irish point. The best quality in plain linen for dresses is so finished and perfected in “face” that it might be silk, and yet it has a certain quality of substance that distinguishes it to the eye.

Habit-tails are often used as the finish of the back of a coat that is cut off short and set into a shaped belt in front. To arrange a coat thus, the back gores of the bodice are cut long, shaped in to the waist, and thence widened out again, sometimes reaching halfway, or even more, down the skirt, while the front portion of the bodice is cut off short like a bolero, and under it appears a belt in a different fabric, or even different colour, that is fixed on the same well-fitting lining as the back, and thus holds it all in to the figure. A model in tobacco-brown cashmere was made thus, with the belt effect put in of shot green-and-brown taffetas, and a yoke of guipure lace. The leg-of-mutton sleeves ended at the elbow, and were trimmed round there, tight to the arm, with a galon of brown silk embroidered in



THE LATEST FASHION IN TAFFETAS.

An afternoon gown in light-coloured taffetas, with deep-shaped belt finished with embroidered buttons. The same handsome buttons fasten down the tabs on front and sleeves. Vest and lower sleeves in lace. Skirt trimmed with lucks overlaid with tabs fixed by buttons to match.

green and blue silks; this galon also trimmed the bolero all round the edges, and again appeared as a trimming laid in wavy lines round the full-gathered skirt; at the back, the long-tailed basque, all cut in one with the back of the bodice, served as a pretty finish. Another model was seen developed in a soft cloth in the reddish-violet shade called aubergine. Here the deep belt became a closely fitted vest with a long point, quite like a man's waistcoat in its plain simplicity and its row of gilt buttons; it was made of suede leather in fawn colour, and the coat was fastened on to this at the sides, while at the back there came a deep swallow-tail like that of a man's dress coat. This was, however, completely saved from any appearance of imitating masculine dress by the top of the vest being cut away at about the bust to show a pleated-lace chemisette, and by a lace cuff to the elbow, where the top sleeve, which was only a little full at the shoulder, was cut off short, and turned up with a gauntlet outer cuff having a facing of suede leather to match the vest. The skirt was short; it was pleated on the hips and cut to fall very full round the feet, but in no way trimmed, the coat-tails preventing any look of lack of finish on the skirt. Yet another illustration of these tailed coats. This was a tailor-made gown, in brown cloth, the bodice very accurately fitted to the waist-line, and provided with a narrow vest of white cloth stitched down several times in close lines and buttoned visibly right down the centre, from just below the throat to the point some three inches under the waist-line, with small enamel buttons. The long basque was put on visibly at the waist, like a Newmarket coat; it came to below the knees, but there was rounded off, and as the vest ended just below the waist-line, the front of the skirt was visible right up; it was arranged in several narrow pleats carefully stitched down to the point where the coat was rounded off, and thence the folds of the skirt were let free to fall in all their fulness. Such long basques are favourable to somewhat stout figures, discreetly veiling the size that a corsage cut off at the waist reveals too abundantly.

When an edible is at once delicious and nourishing, it has assuredly touched the highest point of perfection. Such a meed of praise must be awarded to the newest biscuit produced by Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co., with the name of “Plasmon Rusks.” They are dainty biscuits of the rusk kind, and have added to them a proportion of that tasteless but very nourishing preparation from the albumen of milk, Plasmon. They are thus an admirable addition to our stores, in any of the four varieties—sweet, plain, wholemeal, and celery.

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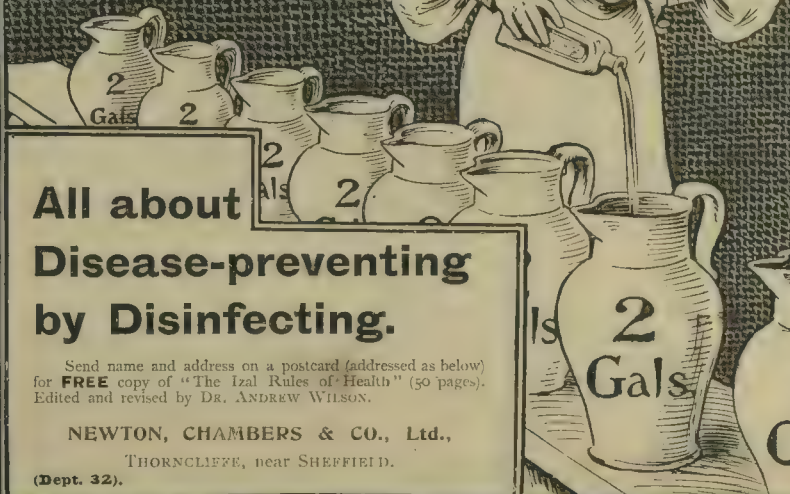
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IS IT A COROT?

With reference to the illustration and its marks under the heading in our issue of the 18th ult., which publicity was given to a challenge sent us by a Hungarian artist, M. Lukos, as to the authenticity of a picture recently purchased by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales from the collection of the late Mr. J. Staats Forbes Messrs. Baxter and Co., solicitors to Mr. Forbes's executor, ask us to publish the following statement—

"The picture was purchased as an early work of Corot by the late Mr. Forbes in the early 'eighties from an old-established and reputable firm of picture-dealers in London. Owing to the great interest attached to the picture, it was in the year 1888 submitted to the judgment of a French firm dealing largely in Corot's works, who, having no objection in either approving or discrediting the work, reported that an imitator could not have painted such a picture and that they believed it to be an early work of Corot, painted when he was working with his first master, Michalon, which would be about the year 1820.

"During the twenty years that the picture was in the late Mr. Forbes's collection he had no reason to doubt the



HIS MAJESTY ARRIVES: THE ROYAL
EQUIPAGE CROSSING THE COURSE TO
THE PADDOCK.

On a field at Epsom.

Marked as the second
one, but the horse fell after a long spell
with a riderless horse besides with him.



Photo, G. Mark Cooke, Chester.

WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL FOR 1905: KIRKLAND, THE PROPERTY OF MR. F. BERRY.

integrity of the firm who sold it, his own judgment when acquiring it, or the opinion of the experts who examined it, all of which have received ample confirmation from the unanimous testimony of the critics, English and foreign, who have examined it both at his gallery and also when publicly exhibited. Your correspondent appears to have discovered that one Geza Meszoly, as recently as the year 1877, painted a picture like it, but, if your impression does justice to his work, of apparently inferior quality. We are unable to see how this discovery challenges the authenticity of a work painted, in the opinion of experts, by a celebrated artist nearly sixty years earlier; while in

the absence of any evidence that Meszoly ever claimed his production as an original work there is no reason that the discovery should discredit him. No discredit attaches to copying a picture, especially if, as here, the copyist varies the treatment sufficiently to make his work plainly distinguishable from the original. As Corot died in 1875 it is plain that he could not have copied a picture painted in 1877. Meszoly's name does not appear in the most recent edition of 'Bryan's Dictionary of Painting' (London, 1903-5), and it may therefore be assumed that his fame did not extend very far beyond his own country, or afford much inducement to piracy."

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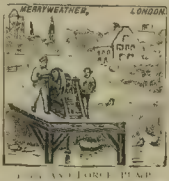
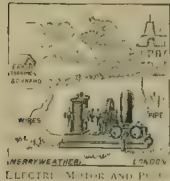
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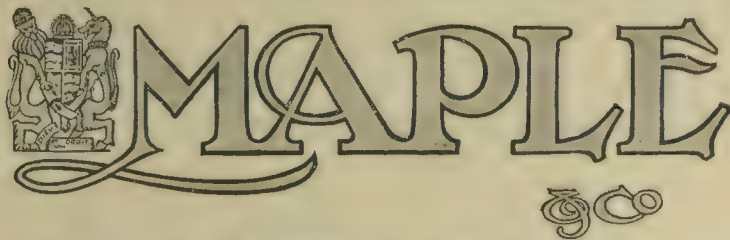
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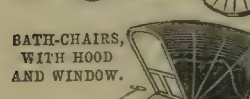
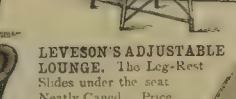
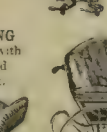
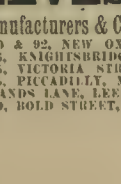
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ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Carfax's new gallery in Bury Street, St. James's, Mr. Sargent assaults the senses. His water-colours are more militant than his oil-paintings. They are full of life and vigour, and they are full of the high village street, rallying attention as it goes. He has captured the outer aspects of Venice, if he has not penetrated her innermost fortress—the citadel of her meanings, her history, her sentiment. He has contented himself with making a complete superficial survey, seeing all outward showings at one masterly glance, and putting them upon paper with masterly precision. The visitor to the Carfax Gallery realises that this is Venice seen in a hurry—in the hurry of large achievement.

The result is that the Venice Mr. Sargent has painted is perfectly free from the reproach of being a hackneyed subject. He has painted the city of the moment at which he saw it, capturing its transitory effect of light and colour. He has treated the venerable city somewhat as M. Forain treated Paris, that he looked down at his feet. He has painted the city as it is, not as it should be. He has painted the city as it is, not as it should be. He has painted the city as it is, not as it should be.

masterly. Here it is an ancient bronze, here a huddled group of gondolas, here one of the square palaces of the Grand Canal. All are expressed with a power that has never been equalled before in the painting of the most painted of places. Mr. Sargent has made excellent use of that interesting contrast ready to hand in the City of the Sea, the contrast of moving waters and stationary masonry. His art is not so superficial that it does not exactly set forth all the effects of the atmosphere, noting with precision the differing character of Spanish and Venetian light: for the exhibition includes several water-colours of Spain. There are, besides, three large paintings in oils. One of these is the noted portrait of "Madame Gautreau," a work strongly reminiscent of Carolus Duran, especially in the hand—a hand exceedingly French in character. We do not place this canvas very high among Mr. Sargent's long range of portraits. For all its movement, it lacks the freedom which is an essential of his art. We notice the catalogue uses the convention of "Portrait of Madame X," a reversion, we suppose, to the title under which the painting was first exhibited. The well-known full length life-study also shown suggests the reflection that Mr. Sargent would make to-day an even more vital

picture, nearer to the colour of life and more sensitive in its textures.

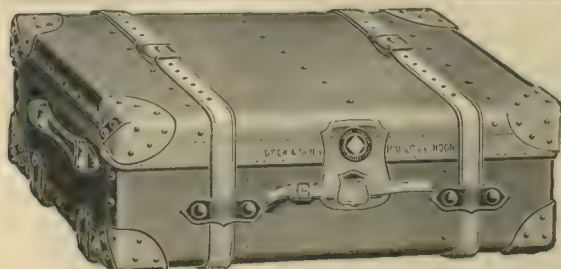
We have learnt to visit the work of the Royal Society of British Artists without large expectations. The one hundred and twenty-third exhibition is no more salient than were its immediate predecessors. We do best in simply making mention of the few canvases that raise some pretensions to artistic merit. The work of Mr. Sydney Lee does this with the most force. Its quality is surprising, for amongst a wilderness of undistinguished paint, we discover in the two pictures, "Derelict" and "The Bridge," a real sensitiveness of colour and tone. The modulations of the dark expanse of water in the first-named (which is hung high) are both subtle and strong. We prefer the moderate arrangement of this work to the more picturesque scheme of the other—a bridge of skeleton-like beams and spars, showing ghostly in the moonlight. Next we would mention Mr. W. Graham Robertson's "The Sisters of Cinderella," wherein there is grace of composition and fine colour; and Mr. Muirhead's "Clearing: After a Storm on the French Frontier." Mr. Fergusson is as notable now

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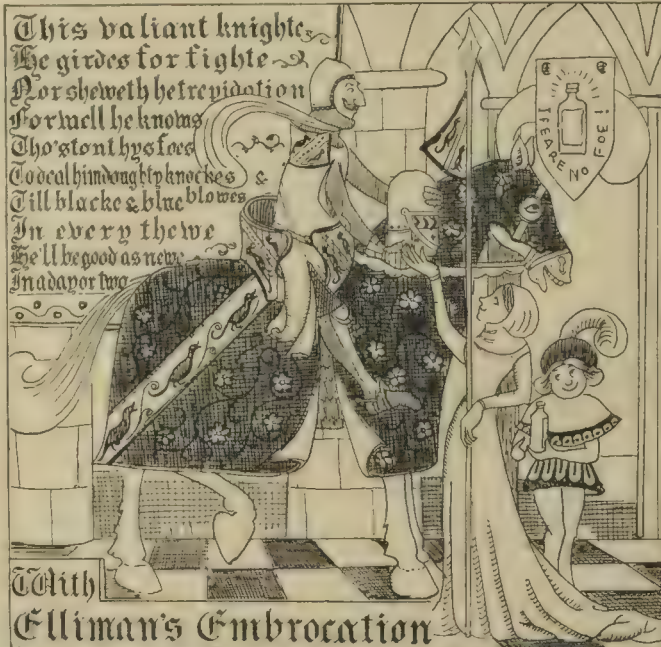


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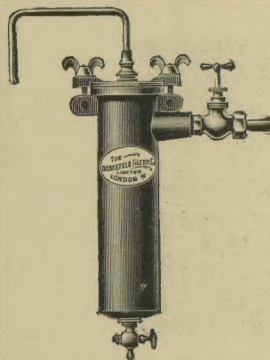
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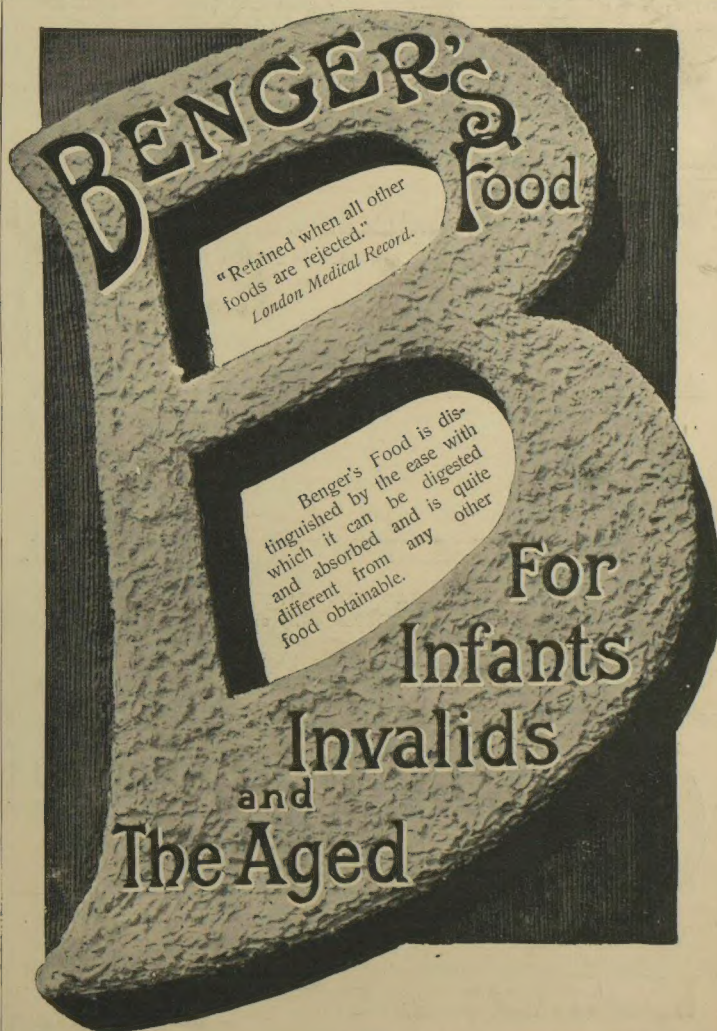
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil of Mr. HENRY WARD, of Rodbaston Hall, Penkridge, Staffs, a director of the London and North-Western Railway Company, whose death took place on Dec. 10, have been proved by Henry Herbert Ward, the son, and John Neve, the value of the real and personal estate being sworn at £149,358. The testator gives £3000 North-Western Railway stock to his wife; £2000 each to his daughters Ann Barnett Hensman and Alice Mary Hales; £200 to his daughter Margaret; £200 to John Neve; and £100 to his grandson Melville Hensman. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, and on her decease he further gives £15,000 and the Kinvaston Farm to his son Walter Leonard; £12,000, in trust, for his daughter Caroline; the Rodbaston Hall Estate, in trust, for his son George Ernest; and portions of £17,000 are to be made up for each of his daughters Ann Barnett Hensman, Alice Mary Hales, Evelyn Mabel, and Margaret. Two thirds of the ultimate residue he leaves

to his son George Ernest and one third to his son Henry Herbert.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1902) of Mr. EDWARD LENNOX BOYD, of 35, Cleveland Square, whose death took place on Feb. 9, was proved on March 24 by Alan Walter Lennox Boyd, the son, and Daniel Brey Ledsam, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £137,542. The testator bequeaths £500 to and £5000 in trust for his daughter Helen Stewart Boyd, £200 each to his executors, and £500 each to his grandchildren. The residue of his property, including therein the value of certain settlements made by him, he leaves, as to two-sixths, to his son, and one-sixth in trust for each of his four daughters.

The will (dated July 22, 1901) of VALENTINE AUGUSTUS, FOURTH EARL OF KENMARE, K.P., of Killarney House, Killarney, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 25 by Valentine Charles, now Lord Kenmare, the son, the value of the real and personal estate being £132,258. The testator gives £1000 to

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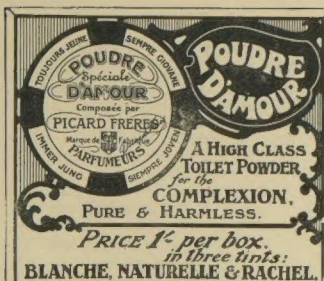
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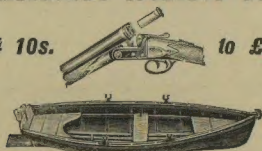
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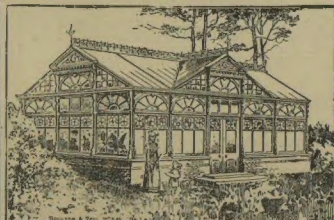
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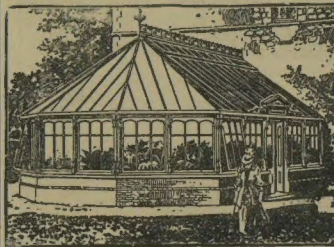
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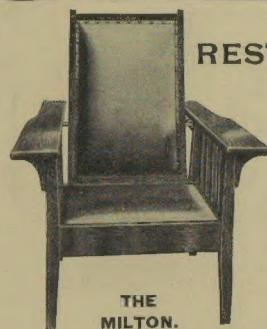
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his wife; £200 to his daughter, Lady Margaret Douglas, for the purchase of a memento; £200 to his sister, Lady Ellen Maria Browne; and £100 to Miss Connerly. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son.

The will (of Dec. 7, 1896), with a codicil, of MISS SARAH RATCLIFF, of Cliff House, Newton Solney, Derby, who died on Dec. 29, has been proved by Robert Ratcliff, the brother, Robert Frederick Ratcliff, M.P., the nephew, and Dr. Walter George Lowe, the value of the estate being sworn at £83,008. The testatrix gives £4000 to her nephew John Ratcliff; £3000 each to her nephew Samuel Thomas Ratcliff and her nieces Mary Louisa Bernard and Fanny Elizabeth Ratcliff; £2000 each to her nephews and nieces, Charles Robert Ratcliff and Samuel Ratcliff, Alice Emma Thompson, Martha Weddell, Emma Gertrude Sparrow, and Ellen Rose Ratcliff; £1000 each to her godchildren, Eleanor

Sarah Ratcliff and Lewis Sydney Ratcliff; and £500 each to her executors, Robert Frederick Ratcliff and Dr. Lowe. The residue of her property she leaves, as to one-third each, to her sister Emma and her brothers Richard and Robert.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1898) of MR. CHARLES JOHN CLAY, M.A., of West House, Cambridge, who died on Jan. 16, has been proved by John Clay and Charles Felix Clay, the sons, and Miss Mary Aimée Clay, the daughter, the value of the estate being £66,788. The testator gives £30,000, in trust, for his three daughters, Mary Aimée, Marian Emily, and Alice; £100 to Addenbrookes Hospital; and £100 to Alfred Mason. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated April 23, 1903) of MISS MARY MIDDLETON, of St. Cuthbert's, Compton Road, Eastbourne, has been proved by William Vickers Hamilton

and Henry Francis Wilson, the value of the property being £45,114. The testatrix gives £5000 to Mrs. Mary Ffolliott; £2000 to Mrs. Edith Bolland; £500 each to her executors; and the residue of her property for such charitable institutions or objects in Great Britain and Ireland, and in such shares as her executors shall determine.

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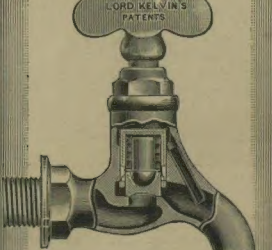
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